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COLD WAR AT FLUSHING MEADOWS

THE Second Assembly of the United Nations is faced with an agenda of 62 items and one overriding problem. Will the machinery which has to deal with the future of Palestine, the Franco regime in Spain and the complex undertakings of disarmament and atomic energy control be thrown finally out of gear by the threatened clash between the two Great Powers—the United States and the U.S.S.R.? The issues on which such a clash is likely are the threat to Royalist Greece from the Slav Bloc; pressure on Iran by the U.S.S.R. in quest of additional supplies of oil to augment her own inadequate production; and the uneasy partition of Korea.

The Iranian situation is not yet formally on the Assembly's agenda; but, whether or not he intends to parade at Flushing Meadows this new instance of Russia's "aggression," Mr. Marshall has made it clear that he intends to conduct a diplomatic offensive against the U.S.S.R. on all fronts, and that he will concentrate, first of all, on the vexed northern borders of Greece. By repeatedly invoking the veto, Mr. Gromyko has prevented the Security Council's inviting the Assembly to take cognizance of the Greek situation; but there is every reason to suppose that the United States delegation will force matters to a head in the Assembly, where it can command a majority, and to secure the passage of a recommendation either approving American intervention in Greece or, failing that, merely condemning the attitude of the U.S.S.R.'s Balkan satellites, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania. Mr. Marshall has asked for the establishment of a Standing Committee of the Assembly on "peace and security," whose voting would not be subject to the Big Power veto. That would be confined in future to questions of economic or military action. The Committee's recommendations, however, would give "moral authority" to the Truman Doctrine in Greece.

Argentina is credited with the intention of moving a resolution calling for a revision of the Charter and the deletion of the unanimity rule in the Security Council. The resolution will doubtless be supported by Australia in the name of the Small Powers, but its endorsement by the United States is improbable: quite apart from the Senate's traditional reluctance to surrender any of its policy-making powers, the U.S. Administration, if it came to the point, would be just as determined to use the veto in defence of American interests in the Pacific as the U.S.S.R. is to protect her *glacis* in Eastern Europe. What is more likely is that Mr. Marshall will exploit the resentment felt by the Small Powers at the indiscriminate use of the veto by Russia as an additional argument for persuading the Assembly to declare that—in Greece, in Persia and in every other issue that may arise—Russia and her associates are in the wrong. The Slav Bloc will then be isolated.

That the retort of the U.S.S.R. to these tactics will be to secede from the United Nations is unlikely. If the Russians, with their use of the veto, have done their best to prevent the machinery of the Security Council from working, it is because they have come increasingly to regard the machinery of the United Nations as the agency of American domination. This, if they left the United Nations, it would undoubtedly become; and the Russians can hardly wish to accelerate the process. The more imminent danger is that since Flushing Meadows is becoming the terrain for unlimited waging of "cold war" between the United States and the U.S.S.R., there will be increasing pressure on all other member States—Middle Powers and Small Powers alike—to take sides.

If that be the tendency of this session of the Assembly, a great responsibility falls on Britain and France. So long as they refuse to join with the United States in a line-up against the U.S.S.R., the (otherwise irrevocable) division of mankind into two rival groups whose friction is almost bound to end in a third world war will not be complete. The best chance that exists of preventing the present Big Power clash coming to a head in war is that Britain and France and other like-minded nations, who seek no quarrel either with the U.S.S.R. or with the U.S.A., should make it clear that they are determined to preserve their independence of judgment.

The Politics of Persian Oil

The issue in Iran is complicated by the fact that there is a patent divergence of opinion, as between Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin, not so much on the merits of existing Western policy towards Russian ambitions in the undeveloped North Persian oilfields, as on the practical question: what can Britain do about it? The 1946 agreement between Iran and the Soviet Union, providing for the exploitation of North Persian oil by a joint corporation in which the U.S.S.R. would hold fifty-one per cent. of the interest, has never been ratified by the Government in Teheran. The Persian Prime Minister, Qawames-Sultani, has so far succeeded in "stalling" adroitly—with an eye no doubt to State Department favours—and the indications now are that the Majlis, to whom the agreement is at last to be presented for ratification, will refuse to endorse it. Reports that the British Ambassador in Teheran has advised the Prime Minister in those circumstances to "renew negotiations with the Russians" have been denied by Qawam; but, however the advice may have been phrased, there is good reason to believe that Qawam was warned against placing any reliance on British military assistance if Moscow, regarding non-ratification of the oil agreement as a hostile act, grew tough. This, say the Americans, was inexcusable weakness on Britain's part. We disagree. The Americans are perfectly well aware that the North Persian oilfields are geographically so situated that they cannot be developed economically by anybody except the Russians, and that the U.S.S.R. is the natural market for the oil. The American desire is not to exploit the oil but simply to deny its use to the Soviet Union; and, in pursuance of this policy, they demand, in effect, that the British garrison in the Middle East shall be used, at need, to block the road from the U.S.S.R. into Northern Persia—a function it is militarily quite incapable of fulfilling. On this

occasion we applaud Mr. Bevin's realism; but if, as he evidently appreciates, the only real sanction against the "coercion" of Iran by the U.S.S.R. is America's possession of atomic bombs, then what conceivable purpose is served by our keeping more than a token force in the Middle East? Why continue to divert badly needed man-power from our export industries when the troops, as Mr. Bevin now concedes, are of no operational use even in support of Anglo-American oil politics?

Paying the Piper at Paris

In spite of the attempts to play it down, Mr. Clayton's bombshell in Paris last week has blown skyhigh the original Report of the suppliants for Marshall dollars. In the week's grace which has been granted the drafters, it has been possible only to knock up a make-shift document to serve as the cover for direct negotiations with the Americans in Washington. Such a deadlock was almost inevitable in view of the vacillation of the British Government. Sir Oliver Franks went to Paris with full powers to remap the economy of Western Europe, if other nations could be persuaded. Most other nations were so persuaded, but at that moment the British delegation was hamstrung by new instructions to delay action on the constructive aspects of the plan. So the grand array of statistics was recognised by Mr. Clayton as a "shopping list," without any plan for avoiding future shopping lists. He at once made it clear that the U.S. Administration would not give unlimited support to such demands, which meant that Congressional defeat was certain. Mr. Truman's Cabinet and the Democratic Party will have to justify the Marshall Plan and the European schemes under it, not merely to Congress, but to the electorate in an election year. Therefore the Paris Report must look like sound business; it must promise to leave Europe self-supporting in four to five years; and it must have some high-sounding phrases about "uniting the small sovereign states." Mr. Harriman has made it clear that in American eyes the main culprit at Paris is Britain; she is thought to be trying to get better conditions for herself without doing her share for Europe. The Americans are in fact more interested in saving France and Italy from Communism than in helping Britain, which has the double disadvantage of being Socialist (*i.e.*, Red) but is in no danger of going Communist.

International Food Planning

The World Food Council is now in being. The fifty-four nations at the Geneva Conference of F.A.O. have delegated to a body consisting of eighteen producer and consumer nations the power to assess requirements and to allocate supplies. An Australian, Viscount Bruce of Melbourne, is the non-voting chairman. Although it is not the supra-national administrative and trading body which Sir John Orr asked for a year ago when he proposed a World Food Board with its own funds, the World Food Council has drastically changed the character of F.A.O. It is no longer merely a fact-finding and advisory agency. Decisions taken by the Council—they require unanimity—will carry the sanctions of the contracting Governments represented upon it, and will have the weight of instructions to the remaining Governments. Instead of special pleadings, the independent experts of F.A.O. will assess requirements. The Council will take over the functions of the International Emergency Food Council, which has been allocating commodities for the past year, and it will also promote the supply of fertilisers, tractors and seeds. Its long-term price-stabilisation functions—operating through buffer stocks, famine reserves and glut-supplies at cut-prices—will have to wait until the world-wide food crisis is resolved. The circumstances in which it comes into existence are very different from what were foreseen by the Preparatory Commission which, last December, recommended its creation. It was envisaging a record harvest in which prices would slump and threaten ruin for farmers. Instead, the disastrous blizzards of last winter, the floods of the spring and the drought of the summer have left Europe short by 9,000,000 tons of the foodstuffs required to maintain even the semi-starvation rations of last winter. The maize crop in the Western Hemisphere has failed; wheat-rust has wrought incalculable havoc to the crops of India; the rice harvest of South-East Asia is sorely deficient. U.S.A. is threatening to reduce its exports by 10 per cent. Farmers, everywhere, deprived of maize feeding-stuffs, robbed by the drought of hay and silage, will tend to feed bread-grain, necessary for human survival, to the farm animals which they will otherwise have to slaughter. The Council is taking emergency measures to deal with this. They have started an inquiry into the legislative measures which each country will have to enforce to compel farmers to deliver up grain. They have already called upon the International Bank and Monetary Fund to take immediate steps to relieve the paralysing currency situation which not only prevents needy countries from finding dollars for imports but, through exchange instability, is preventing mutual marketing of local surpluses across European frontiers. They have issued a warning that dollar shortages will mean a reduction of acreages in the producer countries and an extension of the crisis beyond next year's harvest.

Exports and Resources

If anything were needed to underline the urgency of the campaign to increase British exports, it is to be found in the news that we have already drawn, to the extent of £20,000,000, on our last reserves of gold and foreign exchange. If we are to do much towards "bridging the gap," the export targets which Sir Stafford Cripps has set up are clearly, in the case of most industries, not too high. The question is: are they realistic? There is a danger that, if they prove impossible of attainment, the result psychologically may be a general feeling in this country of deception and defeatism. With some of the difficulties in carrying out a unilateral British plan for marketing a larger volume of exports, we deal more fully in a leading article. Apart, however, from these general considerations, the Cripps programme is open to one serious criticism. Instead of framing two operational plans based on two alternative assumptions—(*a*) that our secondary industries must do the best they can with the raw materials and semi-manufactured products immediately in sight; and (*b*) that we can secure, within a stated time such and such an increase in primary production and raw materials—Sir Stafford seems to have worked on the argument: "We must close the gap; therefore we must export this and that; therefore we must assume that the necessary coal and steel will be available." It is a very large and unsafe assumption; and, as matters stand, to attempt simultaneously to export an increased volume of manufactures and to ship abroad, as Mr. Harriman demands, substantial quantities of coal—to say nothing of steel—would be to risk bringing the whole plan to disaster.

Switching Men and Materials

Apart from doubts as to the ability of primary producers to keep pace with the needs of secondary industries, the next big question which arises is the adequacy of existing controls to allocate coal, steel, and semi-finished components among a multiplicity of private firms producing partly for the domestic and partly for the export market. Yet it is on such controls that the Government is seemingly relying to bring about the curtailment of unessential production—failing which there is not the slightest chance of the necessary increase in the volume of export goods being achieved. Moreover, the required redeployment of man-power is dependent upon the shutting down of unessential work. Unless, that is, Mr. Isaacs proposes to modify his original declared intention of "directing" only workers who fall out of employment. These, he told the Trades Union Congress at Southport, would be directed only within the geographical limits of their own home town. It is now being suggested that the Minister of Labour may go further and make an Order calling for a comb-out of *employed* workers in unessential trades and the direction, at any rate of single men, to other localities. This would be tantamount to conscription of labour on wartime lines, and seems likely to be viewed by the T.U.C. with critical eyes. So far, Mr. Isaacs has given no indication that he intends to compensate labour for direction by restoring the E.W.O. rights of security against dismissal by the unilateral action of employers. If he hopes to carry the trade unions with him, the bargain will have to be less one-sided; and legislation will be needed to make Joint Production Committees compulsory.

Autumn Budget

If the aid of Mr. Isaacs may have to be invoked in order to bring about with sufficient speed the necessary concentration of production geared to exports, it is abundantly clear that Sir Stafford Cripps, if his plan is to succeed, will have to get co-operation from Mr. Dalton. Except on the unlikely assumption that there is a dramatic rise in *total* production—and this would involve not merely much more coal and steel but considerably larger imports (which we cannot at the moment finance) of raw materials—the new export targets demand a drastic curtailment of supplies for the home market, and hence increased inflationary pressure of existing purchasing power on prices. An autumn Budget to apply the necessary fiscal corrections is, in our view, imperative. The situation, moreover, calls for bold action by the Chancellor. The real danger lest production be diverted from the channels of "export essentials" lies, not in any great disparity between the volume of available goods and that of earned wages and salaries, but in the war's legacy of blocked accumulations of capital, evidenced by an increase of nearly £3,000 millions in bank deposits. There may be scope for higher direct taxation of investment income, and for the selective imposition of much higher Purchase Tax on luxuries; but such measures would be inadequate as a guarantee against aggravated distortion of our "crisis" economy by expenditure out of capital—both by individuals and firms—on short supplies of man-power and goods. The case for a capital levy (whether or not it be accompanied by currency conversion) is overwhelming.

Empire Customs Union

Mr. Bevin's Empire Customs Union speech has had a thoroughly bad reception in the Dominions; for every Dominion leader knows such a Union to be quite impracticable in face of the need for markets outside the Empire and for the protection of industrial development to which his country is already committed. Closer economic relations between the Empire countries, by means of common planning and bulk purchase arrangements, is both possible and desirable: an Empire Customs Union is just nonsense. Fortunately, the Government is in no way committed to Mr. Bevin's little notion; for a careful reading of Sir Stafford Cripps's speech does not bear out the view that he said anything that indicates support. All he did say was that our problem would be easier *if* we were able to work out a Customs Union on the lines of the Foreign Secretary's speech, but that we must not forget that, even so, what we got from the Empire would have to be paid for by exports sent out in exchange. Sir Stafford knows perfectly well that there is not the smallest likelihood of Canada, or Australia, or South Africa, or even New Zealand coming into an Empire Customs Union; but, in view of the interpretation that was being placed on his guarded phrase, he had better say right out what he does mean. Indeed, it would help to clear the

air if we could have from the Prime Minister a plain statement that the Government have no such plan in mind. Otherwise, a good deal of harm may be done to our prospects of agreeing with the Dominions the forms of closer economic integration that are really practicable.

West Indies Conference

A good many people were surprised when the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Creech Jones, came out strongly in favour of West Indian Federation at the opening stage of the Montego Bay Conference last week-end. His speech at once produced a violent repudiation from Mr. Bustamente, who professed to see in it a design to hold back Jamaican freedom by imposing on Jamaica the brake of Colonies less advanced towards self-government. Federation, leading to Dominion status, is clearly not workable without Jamaica, where the power of Mr. Bustamente is still very great. Mr. Creech Jones, in his second speech, indicated that the United Kingdom representatives would not take part in the discussion on federation, but that the British Government was eager to do all it could to help towards the development of self-governing institutions in all West Indian territories, with federation as the eventual objective. Speeches from Trinidad and Granada in favour of a federal solution helped to clear the air, and the speakers rightly dealt on the impossibility of creating a self-supporting and progressive economy in the West Indies except on the basis of a regional approach to the common problems of the area. On the whole, it was probably not a bad thing that Mr. Creech Jones spoke out and drew Mr. Bustamente's fireworks. Federation and regional economic planning are two aspects of one and the same problem: the real question is which is to be used as a means of approaching the other.

Elections in Ceylon

Ceylon is holding her first elections under her new Dominion Constitution. The chief contesting parties are the United National Party, led by Mr. D. S. Senanayake, who was the Leader of the State Council, the Tamil Congress Party, a communal body, led by Mr. G. G. Ponnambalam and three Left-wing groups—the Communists, the Sama Samajists and the Bolshevik-Leninists. The Communists are led by Mr. Pieter Keuneman, an ex-President of the Cambridge Union and son of Ceylon's acting Chief Justice. The Sama Samajists profess a sort of National Socialist policy, and the Bolshevik-Leninists are affiliated to the Bolshevik-Leninist Party in India. Before the elections it was generally expected that the United National Party, which has the support of men of all communities in the Island, would win by a comfortable margin, but according to news so far, the United National Party on the one hand and the Left-wing groups on the other seem to be running neck and neck. The position will crystallise when the elections are over by September 20. If the United National Party wins, Mr. D. S. Senanayake will have the distinction of being Ceylon's first Prime Minister. It is recognised that it is largely owing to his energy and diplomacy that the new Constitution took its present shape. He has earned the confidence of all the communities in the Island to a remarkable extent that augurs well for the future. Ceylon's population consists of somewhat over four and a half million Sinhalese, descendants of Aryan settlers from North India, about 500,000 Jaffra Tamils (i.e., descendants of Tamils from India who have long settled in the Island, in many cases for centuries), about 800,000 Indians, comprising mostly those labourers who have come over from India to work on the tea and rubber estates, about 400,000 Muslims, some 50,000 "Burghers," descendants of the Portuguese and Dutch and about 8,000 Britons. Relations between the communities have been marked by good will and certainly freedom from acrimony. In the counting of heads in Ceylon it looks as if not one will be broken.

THE EXPEDIENT—AND THE PLAN

Sir Stafford Cripps has at last given British industry a clearly defined target for the coming year. That target, in terms of exports, has been pitched as high as it could be pitched without obvious unreality; and it can be reached, if at all, only at the expense of a very severe cut in consumption, as well as in capital expenditure, at home. Even so, the attainment of it depends on two highly uncertain specific factors, over and above the wider uncertainty of success in adapting the manufacturing set-up and the labour supply to the new pattern of output. These two factors are the availability of coal and steel, and the finding of markets for greatly increased exports under the plan. To these factors must be added the uncertainty of the relative prices of imports and exports, which may make for or against success, and also the difficulty of securing a right distribution of exports between hard and soft currency areas, and in such a way as to avoid particular bottlenecks. Sir Stafford himself did not attempt to disguise the difficulty of the task, or to conceal the fact that, even if the immediate targets could be reached, the British people would still be subject to a regime of austerity more severe than they have experienced so far. What he did indicate quite plainly is that this austerity is a matter not of choice but of sheer necessity.

When plans for curtailing imports were announced, the obvious comment on them was that they fell far short of establishing a balance, and that a great deal needed to be made up by other means. We now have the other half of the short-term plan; and on paper at any rate the total does add up to what is needed. It does so, however, only at a cost which would be infinitely depressing unless we could reasonably hope that it will not have to be borne for long. It involves, for as long as it has to last, less and less palatable food, many fewer consumers' goods of every sort, many fewer houses, schools and other urgently needed constructional goods (how many fewer we have not yet been told) and, what is not the least evil, a postponement of many capital projects which are indispensable for improving the all-round efficiency of production. Probably, the Government hopes that limited American help may be available, either directly or through the International Bank, for reinstating some of these capital projects in the list of practical developments; but this cannot be reckoned on, and for the time being we shall have to concentrate on capital projects that will help exports now, even when they are less desirable than others from the standpoint of long-run recovery.

It must be realised that the Cripps plan offers no final solution of Great Britain's economic problem. It is an expedient for tiding over a severe crisis which ought not to have been allowed to develop as it has done: it is in no sense even a contribution towards a long-term plan. The exports which we must try to force on the world markets during the coming years will be to a large extent exports which we can neither hope nor even wish to maintain permanently: there will be, for the present, an unwelcome distortion both of our foreign trade pattern and of the structure of production at home. We cannot, as a permanent policy, go on cutting imports and expanding forced exports until we just contrive to balance our international accounts. On such a basis we can only decay rather less rapidly than we should if we exported less.

The plain truth is that no solution is possible within the limits of the British economy alone—none, we mean, that starts out for Great Britain as a unit and rests upon a unilateral British economic plan. The answer must be sought, whether the Americans and the Russians like it or not, in widening the area of concerted economic planning for recovery, not only by means of bilateral trading arrangements, bulk purchase and sale, and the other expedients which at Geneva the Americans have been doing their best to outlaw, but also, and much more fundamentally, by doing all we can to bring into existence a wider area within which goods and people can move freely and concerted plans can be made for specialisation, mass-production, standardisation, and all the other measures which give American industry its manifest superiority in low-cost production.

It is highly unfortunate that so many of those who see this need make the mistake of envisaging the remedy mainly in terms of some sort of Customs Union. The removal of tariff barriers is no doubt an important element in any scheme of European, or of world, recovery; but it can be regarded as the main thing only by those who postulate an uncontrolled capitalist economy on the American model and disregard altogether the human difficulties in the way. If all tariff barriers in Europe were to be suddenly thrown down and full freedom were to be given to move goods without let or hindrance across any frontier, the ultimate effect might no doubt be a sharp rise in total productivity—on the assumption that the change could be dictatorially enforced and all human resistances ruthlessly suppressed. In practice, however, the result would be universal economic dislocation, possibly leading to the outbreak of widespread civil war. Even if a "free trade Europe," or a "free trade Western Europe" is practicable in the long run, it must not only be approached by stages, but also *planned for*, in such a way that the changes required in the economic structure of all the countries concerned are brought about in accordance with a concerted European plan, or series of plans providing for particular forms of specialisation and mass-production. Moreover, the making of such plans is much more vital than the reduction of tariff barriers, which would follow logically and necessarily upon them. The next step after the Paris Conference is for such countries as are prepared to sink a part of their national economic sovereignty to get together to prepare, not merely for a Customs Union at some future date, but for a concerted plan of production that will make such a Union workable.

If it is unfortunate that attention should be diverted to a Customs Union from the paramount need for a common production plan, it is also a pity that the advocates of a Customs Union should divide themselves into the rival camps of Imperialists and Europeans. This, however, is the unavoidable outcome of undue concentration on the tariff issue. Anyone who proposes a European Customs Union has the Imperialists instantly at his throat; anyone who proposes an Empire Customs Union merely annoys Europeans, Americans, and most of the Dominion all at once. It is abundantly clear that Great Britain can neither go into a European Customs Union on terms that forfeit the special connections with the Dominions, nor solve its economic problem by isolating itself in an economic partnership with the Dominions. But why should we have to make any such choice? There is nothing at all inconsistent in our setting out to make concerted economic plans both with the Dominions and Colonies and with as many European countries as will agree to fall in with a common production plan. We ought to follow up both lines as far as we possibly can; for neither alone can solve either our problem, or that of Europe, or that of the Empire countries, whereas both can contribute to raising the levels of production and productivity over the whole area affected by them.

For the present, European planning is the more urgent issue, because there are more serious obstacles in its way. There is, indeed, only one possible formulation for it—a really close and cordial accord between Great Britain and France, including agreement between them on the future of Western Germany. Unless and until this can be achieved, no real progress towards European economic integration can be made. We must come to terms with France; and could we but

do this the entire French political situation would be transformed. The French, instead of floundering in despair, would have a practical target to work for in a spirit of hope; and that would make all the difference to them, and hardly less to us.

To these major considerations of long-run policy we propose to return in a second article. As for the chances of the plan's achievement, frankly we do not think too well of them: there are too many snags. Shall we get the coal? If we do get it, shall we succeed quickly enough in shifting materials and labour to where they are needed without serious unemployment and perhaps serious labour troubles? If we do all that, shall we be able to sell the goods, or at any rate so to distribute them as to secure in return the foreign exchange and the physical supplies that we need? What will happen to our export programme if there is an American recession, or if yet more countries restrict their sterling purchases? Can we get our costs down, if we have to cut the capital expenditure which is wanted for better plant and buildings? How will the workers and the consumers react to an austerity which, however unavoidable, will be presented to them by the Government's enemies as a voluntary act of Socialist oppression?

It would be unreasonable to expect that the Government could at one and the same moment have worked out both a short-term and a long-term plan. Now, however, the short-term plan exists; and the making of the long-term plan brooks no further delay. Instead of Mr. Bevin's vain trumpetings about an Empire Customs Union, which is quite out of the question, what we want now is a well-thought-out scheme for concerted economic planning of European production, resting on close Anglo-French accord, and in addition for closer economic relations with the Dominions and other supply areas outside Europe, on a basis of organised bulk purchase and exchange. And, above all else, what we want now is a solution agreed between us and France of the problem of Western Germany and of its part in the common plan of European recovery.

THE ONLY WAY

WHAT should be the British attitude when the report of the Committee on Palestine is discussed by the United Nations Assembly? The Assembly, with the story of the *Exodus* fresh in its memory, will be hostile and suspicious. The Russian Bloc and the Arabs will oppose the continuation of British rule in Palestine just as bitterly as the pro-Jews will oppose the present White Paper policy. That much was clear enough from the attitude of the Yugoslav delegate on Unscop. Indeed, there will be one issue on which the Assembly will be unanimous: that the present "semi-military regime," ruling by emergency decree, is utterly intolerable.

How the position in Palestine appears to a relatively independent body of investigators is clear enough from a reading of the full text of the Unscop Report, which unfortunately has not been published in this country. Though the Committee was divided on its detailed recommendations, it was unanimous in its analysis of the problem. The notorious Bevin Plan, which the Foreign Secretary once asserted could have brought Jews and Arabs together had it not been for the intervention of Mr. Truman, is tersely dismissed as "quite unworkable." After examining our present policy, the Report states:

> The White Paper expressed the conviction of the Mandatory that, with a defined addition of a specified number of immigrants the National Home must be regarded as fully established. That policy, modified by the admission for the time being of 1,500 Jewish immigrants per month, still stands.

It is interesting to compare this judgment with the statement of Mr. Attlee in Parliament:

> This Government have never stood for the White Paper policy. . . . It is quite wrong to say that we are carrying on the White Paper policy.

The Unscop Report reminds us that the Mandates Commission in 1939 unanimously decided that the White Paper was "not in accordance with the interpretation of the Mandate which had always been placed upon it," while a majority of the Commission went even further and "felt themselves unable to state" that it was in conformity with the Mandate itself. After referring to the Arab repudiation of the White Paper, the Report goes on:

> Against the background of an active Jewish war effort and intensified Nazi persecution of the remnants of European Jewry, enforcement of the White Paper provisions stimulated efforts to bring illegal immigrants into Palestine. The action of the Administration in circumventing illegal immigration by the seizure of immigrant ships led to constant and serious friction accompanied by mounting Jewish resistance.

If Mr. Bevin hoped for an acceptance by the Committee of his case against the Jews, he must be sadly disappointed. While Jewish terrorism is explicitly and unanimously condemned, illegal immigration is not. It is described quite objectively and without a word of rebuke as the result of the imposition by the Labour Government of "the White Paper policy" and its failure to put into practice the recommendations of the Anglo-American Committee for the admission of 100,000 refugees and for the rescinding of the Land Transfers Regulations.

On all this the Report is unanimous, and it is unlikely that the Assembly will take a different view. Pro-Arabs, who regard the Mandate itself as illegal, will agree with pro-Jews that there is no case either for a continuance of British rule in Palestine or for the policy on which it is based. Having neglected the warnings of the Anglo-American Committee, Mr. Bevin now finds himself confronted with a much sharper condemnation of his policy from a much more authoritative body.

It is important to stress this point because voices have already been raised to argue that, since the Assembly may be unable to agree on a policy or, if it decides on a policy, may be unable to suggest how it should be imposed, Britain will be quite justified in remaining in Palestine and enforcing the *status quo*. But if Unscop's findings are correct, the one thing which is totally indefensible is the *status quo*. If the Assembly cannot agree on a solution or on the means of implementing it, our duty will be to withdraw—whatever the consequences.

It is, however, most improbable that the Assembly will fail to reach a decision provided that Britain accepts the majority report, which is known to have American support. That report repeats and re-emphasises the arguments of the Peel Commission in favour of partition, but adds the important proviso that a Customs union between the Arab and Jewish States is essential. Since the minority report in favour of a federal state has already been rejected by the Arabs as well as the Jews, partition remains the only policy available. If Mr. Creech Jones fails to support it, the conclusion will inevitably be drawn that Mr. Bevin wants a deadlock in the Assembly which will enable him to maintain British rule in Palestine at any price.

Unfortunately, when it comes to consider the method of imposing partition, the majority report is vague and cowardly. It proposes that Britain should continue to administer Palestine for two years and adds the suggestion that she might invite other Powers to assist her. This vagueness will give Mr. Creech Jones the opportunity for scoring some good debating points. He can argue that he cannot be expected to enforce a Uno policy if no one else is ready to help. Having done this he can wait to see what happens.

It is not very difficult to predict the results of this manoeuvre. For eighteen months everyone who knows anything about the Middle East has been warning the Cabinet against relying on American assistance in Palestine. It might possibly be forthcoming if we showed some understanding of the Jewish case, but all the probabilities are against it. It would not be impossible to obtain from the United Nations the appointment of a technical commission, in which Americans would participate, to supervise our execution of the partition plan. But it is almost certain that, if we make our acceptance of partition depend on military assistance from other nations, we shall merely achieve a deadlock in the Assembly. In so doing Mr. Creech Jones will certainly have put the Americans in the wrong—a pleasant pastime on any occasion. But what shall we have gained by this tactical victory? Nothing at all. We shall still be in Palestine, imposing a police state in defiance of the findings of two international commissions.

We are faced, indeed, with a choice of evils: either to carry out partition without much help, or to evacuate the country and leave the Haganah to carry out a *de facto* partition by force. The "third alternative"—to create a deadlock in order to maintain the *status quo*—is no alternative at all. To do so would be to justify both Jews and Arabs in military resistance to a foreign invader.

It is to be hoped that the Cabinet can still regard the issue sufficiently objectively to foresee this danger. For two years Mr. Bevin has played for time, in the hope that something would turn up which would justify the retention of southern Palestine as a British military base and enable him simultaneously to defeat the Jewish demands for statehood. Nothing has turned up; and we are now left with the choice of either clearing out, bag and baggage, or creating a Jewish State. We can stay in Palestine if we are prepared to pay the price of keeping the Labour Party's promise to the Jews and then negotiating treaties of alliance with both Jews and Arabs. If that price is too high, then we must leave the country to settle its own destiny. What we cannot afford to do is to go on playing for time.

But whether we evacuate or remain to supervise partition, our short-term policy should be the same. The Anglo-American Report and the majority report of the United Nations Committee agreed in recommending the resumption of large-scale Jewish immigration. At present our forces are being used to blockade Palestine against Jewish immigrants. There is no case for continuing this blockade, and, whatever happens, we should immediately disengage our forces and concentrate them in the south, thereby permitting the Jews and Arabs in their respective areas to begin the tasks of self-government. In this way we shall be preparing the way either for evacuation or for partition, and incidentally relieving our fighting men of an odious task. The presence of strong British forces at Gaza would act as a deterrent to the extremists on both sides and permit the moderate leaders to assume responsibility with some prospect of coming to terms. There would, of course, be risks of serious clashes, but they are far less than the risks involved in seeking to maintain the *status quo* after two commissions have pronounced against it.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A LONDON DIARY

WHY are the recruiting figures for miners down? One way of finding out is to pay a visit to the Warwickshire coalfields. Here the pits, instead of being scattered in remote mountain valleys, are close to prosperous industrial towns. Miners and engineers drink in the same workmen's clubs, queue for the same cinemas and compete for the same girls. This has its advantages—the miner is not so isolated—but it also shows up the appalling contrast between conditions of work in the pits and in the modern factory. A friend of mine tells me of two visits he made last week, one to a coal mine and the other to a motor car factory in his constituency. The latter, built as a shadow factory during the war, is equipped with magnificent canteens and hospital wards. The vast workshops are light and airy—even the mechanised foundry is tolerably cool—and there is no need to rely on foreign labour. To work here for good wages is no hardship. Scarcely a mile away the mining village is dominated by its slag heap and covered by a pall of smoke. The pit-shaft is a waterfall, and you are soaked already as you

descend in the cage. The narrow coal seam is irregular and the galleries, which go up and down like a scenic railway, are so narrow that the tubs jostle against each other, and woe betide the man who is caught between them. The haulage machinery is antiquated, and the manager is lucky to obtain second-hand belts from a neighbouring colliery. To reach the coal face my friend had to crawl a hundred yards along a narrow passage two feet high, blundering over the belt on which the coal is taken back to the tubs. It had broken three times already that morning, and it broke again while he was there. The manager explained that it was the sort of old tackle which he had to put up with. Since output could not be stepped up in this colliery, he could not hope for priority in supplies. One of the men added, "What we meant by nationalisation was an end of the policy of getting coal quickly at any price—sensible development. What we have actually got under nationalisation is a drive to speed up production at any cost. Are you surprised that we are bitter?" Actually they were not bitter, but, in the circumstances, very good-tempered. No one is to blame, but the problem remains: how can you get men to volunteer for work in this sort of coal mine when they can choose to work in the stream-lined factory just a mile away?

* * *

Crowds thick round three new models of Russian cars, particularly round the small "Pobiedo," selling in the U.S.S.R. at roughly £175; an impressive show of Soviet machinery, flanked by Russian textiles, atrocious (at least to Western eyes) in colour and design; a stupefying choice of exquisitely designed Swiss watches; outstandingly beautiful Yugoslav embroideries and leather goods—these, writes a correspondent, are the high-lights of this year's Trade Fair in Prague, so far as non-Czech exhibits are concerned. These, and the sparse attendance of foreign buyers from the West, to which Czechoslovakia still looks for jam to put on her daily bread. Her chief customers abroad are Switzerland, the United States, Great Britain, Sweden, Holland and Belgium—in that order. But whereas she had a favourable balance with the four Continental countries, her sales to Britain and America were only 50 per cent. and 35 per cent., respectively, of her purchases. So Czechoslovakia hopes that, if the U.S.A. won't buy more from her—and American orders, it seems, are few and far between—then Britain may be willing, or compelled by dollar shortage, to do so. The quality and price of Czechoslovakia's products show that there is nothing wrong with the efficiency of her nationalised industries, and exports to Britain—gloves, china and, in particular, admirable house furniture—have been increasing; but Anglo-Czech trade can't expand much unless we sell more to Czechoslovakia. Yet Britain has not had an official stand at any Trade Fair in Prague since the war. The one British firm represented at this Fair were selling machinery for plastics. Doing well, they said; but would do much better if the two Governments could fix up a compensatory trade agreement.

* * *

As there are still many credulous people in the world, the technique of the "smear" is still one of the most effective as well as the most foul of political weapons. Some American papers, more safe from the laws of libel than ours, habitually employs it to discredit any honest and progressive person who might, unsmeared, have influence. In England before the war the Fascists set about systematically whispering slanders in public houses. I am satisfied that the same technique is being used now. Until recently Strachey has been the main butt. Lately the stories that have reached me have been mainly about Mrs. Aneurin Bevan. The other day I was told a story of a film star who could not have the mink coat of her choice because it had "just been sold to Miss Jenny Lee"! The latest yarn comes from "an Essex sailing club." It concerned a householder, whose property had been requisitioned by the R.A.F. during the war and not been returned to him since. He visited his house, only to find it had really been requisitioned by the Minister of Health for himself and his wife! The man who told this story asserted that it was "perfectly true." Though the name or address of this ill-treated householder were not supplied, the sailing club audience, politically predisposed to believe any smear of a Minister, were not suspicious. The only way of defeating these tactics is for people who hear such stories to demand precise details and to report the story with the name of the story-teller, so that the Minister has at least an opportunity of denying the story or of taking an action for slander if he thinks fit.

* * *

Miss Barker, a story by whom appears in this issue, recently won the newly founded Maugham Prize. The judges, Miss C. V. Wedgwood, Mr. Day Lewis and Mr. Pritchett, decided that her book of short stories, *Innocents*, was the most promising new work (by an author under thirty) submitted to them. Mr. Somerset Maugham made it a condition that the winner of this annual prize should spend at least three months out of England. His own work having been so conspicuously enriched by his travels—he seems to have written about almost every part of the globe except South America—he is now enabling other writers to enlarge their experience, and to this generosity the Chancellor of the Exchequer has wisely given his blessing. Most of our greatest writers have travelled (Shakespeare, Blake and Miss Austen being notable exceptions); and how hideous would have been our loss if Chaucer, Milton, Gibbon, Byron, Shelley, Browning and Ruskin—to name but a few—had been prevented from crossing the Channel. The new currency regulations are peculiarly damaging to men and women in the twenties, who have had little chance to travel, except in uniform, and who ought now to be enlarging their education and experience. I hope that the organised exchange of hospitality will be further developed. This offers at least some relief from the tourniquets now mortifying the limbs of Europe.

* * *

The only rain within living memory was falling last Saturday afternoon when the Prime Minister opened Pasture Wood House (Holmbury St. Mary) as a memorial to Beatrice Webb. It was a very pleasant occasion. The house with beautiful grounds was once a rich man's retreat, and then a rich children's school; it has become, after a wartime interlude, a centre for adult education and recreation. It is admirably suited for summer schools and will be much used, particularly by trade unionists. Those who gave money to the Beatrice Webb fund (including many readers of this journal) have good reason to be pleased. Certainly Beatrice Webb would have approved; Sidney Webb and G. B. S., both nonagenarians, expressed their approval and regret that they could not be present. But Mr. Attlee rightly refused to talk about the old Fabian giants; he was concerned about a younger generation of Socialists and a new set of problems.

* * *

Here is a puzzle. Can Sir Stafford Cripps (or anyone else) prevent women's skirts being longer if Fashion decrees that they shall be? That the ruling is idiotic and anti-social at a time when we need to save every yard of material is obvious. Nor does anyone, outside the trade, want skirts longer. Men find short skirts more comely than the half-length style that flaps round the woman's calf. Women find the short skirt much more comfortable and women's organisations in America and England are protesting against the dictatorship of Paris. But then, if they protest, why do they also conform? Is it just because most of them have no alternative but to wear the mass-produced frocks supplied in the shops? I doubt if that is more than half the reason. Many girls make their own frocks and a few have them made. Do they stand for principle, comfort and economy? I don't think so. They follow like so many sheep. This is the only evidence I have of the inferiority of women. Anyway, whatever the reason, I find no one bets on Sir Stafford winning this battle if he engages in it. You may plan peace and war, but women's clothes are like the weather—beyond the control of governments.

CRITIC

DISCRIMINATION

When Europe pleads
Her pressing needs
To earn U.S. relief—
All nations beg a dollar loan or all will come to grief—
But few appear
To have the ear
Of Wall St. Banking *cliques*
But the Germans,
And the Japanese,
The Italians
And the Greeks.

There used to be
Such unity
In English-speaking States
That democratic sentiments brought lower interest rates;
Our dear Ally,
(We know not why)
Now far more kindly speaks
To the Germans
And the Japanese,
The Italians
And the Greeks.

She calls a halt
When we default
On dollar payments due,
She cancels our priority and makes us join the queue
An also-ran
For the Marshall Plan,
She holds us up for weeks—
Not the Germans
Or the Japanese,
The Italians
Or the Greeks.

Another act
Like the Lease-Lend Pact
Would save us from collapse
If Britons were Bavarians, or else McArthur's Japs—
For who have won
From Washington
The aid that Britain seeks?
The Germans
And the Japanese,
The Italians
And the Greeks.

Our dollar aid
Will not be paid
Till Congress votes the sums—
While we like hungry sparrows cheep for charitable crumbs—
The crumbs don't fall
Alike on all
But fill the gaping beaks
Of the Germans
And the Japanese,
The Italians
And the Greeks.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to E. Lahr.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The stories are inclined to be coarse, but could not be described as vulgar, as, dealing as they do with foreigners, things represent themselves in quite a different way to how they would in this country.—Book review in *Muswell Hill Record*.

Really the nicest home on the South coast, eminently suitable for a gentleman of finance.

Many schemes have originated here that have realised many hundreds of thousands of pounds capital profit. Price freehold £20,000.—Advt. in *Financial Times.*

Two nuns, mothers superior . . . were each fined £50, and ordered to pay ten guineas costs, for attempting to evade Customs duty and purchase tax on 16 ties, one pipe, two fountain pens, an alarm clock, two watches, eight pairs of silk stockings, two pairs of gloves, a dress, a blouse, two jumpers, and two babies' bonnets and veils.—*The Times.*

Situation in small Nursery required by young woman wishing to gain further experience in propagating, etc.—Advt. in *The Grower.*

AID TO EUROPE

[The author of this article is well known to B.B.C. listeners for his "American Commentary."]

A TRADITIONAL American story tells of a Maine backwoodsman who was seen one Saturday trudging determinedly toward the sea-coast. Accosted by a friend who asked whither bound, and why the sombre demeanour, the woodsman said: "I'm going down to Bangor to get drunk, and, God, how I dread it." This story epitomises a widespread American view on future aid to Europe, Britain included. Almost everyone—even those most opposed to further aid programmes—is aware that additional aid will be given. Very few are enthusiastic about the prospect.

These statements do not apply to the American "intellectuals"; but intellectuals are a small portion of any country. In a campaign atmosphere—and we in America are definitely in a campaign atmosphere even though the actual election is more than a year off—Congressmen who want to be re-elected perforce pay less heed to intellectuals and give more attention to the constituencies.

American popular scepticism of aid programmes is not difficult to understand. We have poured 21 thousand millions of dollars into post-war aid. The actual reconstruction accomplished by it is very disappointing. Even those most anxious to continue aid programmes find it difficult to refute the statements of critics that America is not rich enough to pour out resources indefinitely without any return. Remember: we are now in the grip of a substantial inflation. Wheat, maize, oats, butter and eggs have all registered all-time high prices on four occasions within the past week. Labour is giving notice it will demand a third round of post-war wage increases unless prices are reduced. All this makes it easy for our isolationists, who wish, like General Robert Wood, to "write off Europe," to claim that more aid programmes will mean still further inflation here in America, and that, therefore, aid should be shut off.

There is, of course, the other side of the picture. A European may well ask: "Don't Americans realise that, if aid programmes stopped, American exports would stop, and America might be faced with a depression of herculean proportions?" The answer is, most Americans do not realise this. Some wheat farmers are aware of the problem, given the current record wheat crop of 1,500,000,000 bushels. Some cotton producers have trepidations about cotton prices, should foreign orders dry up. In addition, the tobacco growers are moderately unhappy, and the film people are taking double-page advertisements in *Variety*, the leading entertainment publication, to do their wailing in public. But nobody cares about them.

In general, the public is not worried. We are an optimistic people, with great, even though at times unjustified, confidence in our ability to meet almost any domestic situation, and it is in our nature to think good times will continue right up to the moment we find ourselves in the trough of an absolutely major depression. Sceptics should remember how long Americans, in a sort of Coué manner, kept repeating and believing Herbert Hoover's unmitigated guff about prosperity being just around the corner at a time in the early 30s when even Candide couldn't have believed the Hoover preachment. To-day most people would welcome a relief from aid programmes, in the belief that a drop in exports would produce a more tolerable domestic price situation and make goods now scarce generally available. Of course, if questioned, most people would agree that, once exports slumped, somebody would probably lose his job; but here again our incurably optimistic nature is such that the majority would be convinced that it would be somebody else who would lose employment.

Yet, in spite of this mentality there will be more aid programmes. Congress will eventually approve a Marshall "plan" and, at a special session this autumn, it will also approve and provide funds for a stop-gap programme to carry Europe through to the moment when Marshall plan funds will be available. It will do all this to the tune of an abundance of bad-tempered speech-making that may well bring Anglo-American relations to a new peak of exacerbation. For even those most in favour of aid programmes will, with an eye to coming elections, feel obliged to demonstrate to their constituents that they are not really in favour of giving the whole country away to the foreigners. They will seek to demonstrate this by making caustic speeches about Europe, and most particularly about Britain, because Britain, for all the intellectual gap, is still closest to us psychologically and spiritually.

These aid programmes will none the less be voted because, by the time Congress gets around to acting, it will be realised that it is a choice between more aid and European collapse. America, in spite of its present petulance, is still not prepared to face European collapse, for two reasons. The first, though many Europeans will find it difficult to credit this, is a humanitarian one. In the last analysis, it would be morally wrong to permit Europe to collapse while America still has it within its power to prevent that collapse.

The second reason is fear of Russia. The conviction that European collapse would mean the control of the entire Continent by the Soviet Union, with the future danger that Russia might mobilise all Europe's power against the United States, is already strong. By the time Congress finishes its debates the conviction will be stronger still. Perhaps the argument will be pushed too far by those anxious to secure passage of aid programmes for other reasons. In any event the fear-of-Russia argument will be tremendously effective.

Analysts will long argue over which factor is most important—the humanitarian or the fear-of-Russia consideration. The argument is sterile. It is unlikely either would produce implementation of the aid programme in the absence of the other.

The danger in the existing situation is not that aid programmes will not be voted. Rather it is that, given the mixed motivations that will push them through, and given further the fact that our Bourbon isolationists are again raising their heads, the debate in Congress may be so extended that aid may be dangerously delayed. To a European, who sees the hands of the clock already well past eleven, it must have been frustrating that President Truman decided on a leisurely cruise back from South America. But he reckoned that the European situation would thus have a chance to crystallise further, and make the need for a special session of Congress abundantly apparent to all but the dimmest wits. Were we possessed of stronger leadership, this dangerous delay would not have been necessary. Some of us question whether it was necessary even with the situation as it stood. But President Truman, an inherently modest man, has taken a very modest view of the amount of political capital he possesses, and of his ability to lead. He feels the need of having nearly everyone abundantly convinced of the need for action before acting. Perhaps his self-estimate is correct.

Chicago. CLIFTON M. UTLEY

FARMING IMPRESSIONS, 1947

SINCE, in the course of following their normal avocations and incidentally doing very well for themselves in the process, farmers have had the good fortune to become national figures, curiosity has been manifested as to their lives and activities. I venture accordingly, to offer the following notes based on impressions derived from rather less than a year's farming experience.

* * *

First, praise! Everyone works hard and works long. There is no talk of cutting hours or taking Saturday mornings off; there is no absenteeism and I have never yet known a man refuse to do overtime when asked. On the contrary, there is a feeling of obligation to the land, which at any rate among the older men makes it unthinkable that they should scamp a piece of hedging, neglect an animal or fail to stook a concealed corner of a field, merely because nobody's eye is on them. Now almost all farm work is heavy, hard and gruelling—only mining or navvying is, I should imagine, physically more exhausting.

But the qualification "among the older men" is important. On my farm—and this, I think is common—there is a sharp cleavage between the generations. There are the old men, mostly over fifty, who are farm workers in every sense of the word except one, that is to say, they can do everything except drive a tractor or a lorry. Moreover, they dislike machinery, talk it down whenever they get the chance and never lose an opportunity of pointing out the superior merits of horses. Now, most farming to-day consists in looking after machines, looking after them so intimately and persistently that my manager's most characteristic posture is lying on his back or side with his head in the entrails of some disordered machine, just as his most characteristic activity is touring the garages of the countryside to get hold of a spare part. Thus, I estimate that more than half of the time of the most skilled man on the farm is spent in attendance upon disordered or rebellious machines.

The others, the young men, are not so much farm labourers as mechanics. Their sole skill and pleasure is in driving machines and they only drive tractors in fields instead of lorries on roads, which they would prefer, because, owing to the tied cottage system, the farmer can offer them cottages. When there are enough houses to go round, they will almost certainly leave the land, for which they have no particular feeling, just as they have little skill in the infinitely varied processes which go to make up work on a farm.

* * *

Secondly, in dispraise, I want to dwell upon the "cagey" incommunicativeness of farmers. They take it for granted, or pretend to, that you know all about the processes of farming, look down their contemptuously surprised noses at you when it turns out that you don't, yet persistently refuse to enlighten you. You have literally to drag out of them information which is usually vouchsafed in a few brusque words of incomprehensible technicality.

Most farmers make a point of proceeding on the assumption that only a congenital idiot would *not* know what is a "down-calving heifer," a "T 20" or a "fourth-year ley." My interpretation of this displeasing trait is that the farmer has felt himself to be for so long in an inferior position *vis-à-vis* the townsman, who has not only had more money but has "come it over him" with his greater *savoir-faire* and knowledge of the world, that he has clung with all his might to the little store of specialised knowledge and hoarded tradition which gives him his only chance of getting his own back on the townsman. This is his one point of vantage and he will not lightly relinquish it. Hence, while deriding the townsman for his ignorance of another man's trade, he deliberately refuses to remove it.

Similarly with the agricultural labourer. It has now become a commonplace that most farming work is highly skilled. Even that which

is not obviously skilled in itself, such as hoeing weeds or stooking corn, is skilled in respect of the speed with which it can be done and the amount of effort expended in doing it. The amateur is not only much slower; he uses up more energy and therefore quickly tires. Most farm work consists in altering the position in space of heavy pieces of matter and almost always there are knacks in doing this. There is a knack in handling a sheaf or a sack, or in using a hoe or a sickle. Now the labourer first proceeds on the assumption that the amateur will be able to do everything that he does just as well as he does it himself, can never get over his surprise when the townsman obviously cannot—"I'd have thought as how everybody know'd *that* "—yet stubbornly refuses to give him the tips which would enable him to do the work more easily and effectively. I have seen a number of men of whom one was a novice lifting heavy sacks. The weight of the sacks was such that the job was only just within the compass of the strength of the novice, who was visibly exhausting himself. Had he known the knack of hoisting the sacks on to his shoulders, his effort would have been appreciably diminished. The others, of course, realised this and winked at one another over the novice's ignorance.

* * *

Visitors are a nuisance. Townspeople are, in general, at a loss to understand what there can be to do in the country and conclude, therefore, that all country people exist in a state of bored inactivity waiting for townspeople to come and liven them up. They consequently take it for granted that country people ask nothing better than the chance of placing their time at the disposal of the visitors. These for the most part have not the faintest idea what to do with themselves. They ask to be taken over the farm . . . They go into ecstasies over the calves but have no technique for negotiating the dung. The women, with their high-heeled shoes and fashionable dresses, look repulsively out of place, and their bare legs expose them to thistles and nettles directly they enter a field. Yet what, after all, is to be done with them except take them through the fields? Sometimes they ask to do farm work, the less disagreeable varieties of which they expect to be laid on, waiting for their arrival. But if you put them by themselves among swedes or sugar beet, they quickly grow tired or bored; if you put them among a gang loading a lorry or building a rick, their slowness and inexpertness delays the work of the rest.

* * *

Money worries. To go into farming at any time is costly enough—you are bound to make a loss on your first year's work—but to go in on the ascending curve of an accelerating inflation is financially terrifying. When I planned the present undertaking in July 1946, prices stood at X; when I came in the autumn to buy the necessary equipment, the live stock and the dead stock, the machines, fertilisers and seeds, they were X plus ½; now they are X plus ½. A rise of such dimensions upsets the most carefully planned campaign of expenditure. Of course, some money comes back and there is relief in the matter of income tax; but, even so, the expenditure is alarming, not least because one cannot control it. It is a disturbing experience for one who has controlled his budget all his life to find it taking the bit between its teeth and running away with itself. Still, it is a good harvest and perhaps one day if all goes well and it isn't too dry or too wet or too cold or too hot, *and* there is enough labour of the right sort—perhaps one day one may subtract a thimbleful from the immense ocean of one's losses.

I am worried, secondly, by my own stupidity and incompetence. It is years since I attempted to lay in a stock of new knowledge; what I have done is to make an ever more effective shop-window display of the goods that were already behind the counter. And now that I have to acquire technical knowledge, which is new knowledge, knowledge about crops and cows, knowledge about the spraying and pruning of orchards, knowledge, above all, about what machines are for and how they work and about how to keep them in a good temper and to repair them when they go wrong, I find that I am too old to learn. I simply don't take in what I am told or, if I take it in at the time, I don't remember it.

And then, there is the humiliation of doing things badly. Most people at my age have learnt to do the things that they do habitually tolerably well. One gets credit for them; one's word goes and one's advice is sought. And now, suddenly, one finds oneself in a sphere in which one is both ignorant and incompetent, with the result that one's word is of no importance and one's advice is never sought. This may be good for the soul, but it is hard on the pride. In my own case, this general incompetence is exacerbated by two special incompetences. First, a congenital inability to use my hands—I cannot manage harness, tap a barrel of beer or pack a crate of fruit; and, secondly, an inability to understand or to work machines.

I am worried, thirdly, about the right use of my time. In common with many of my kind I have been used to repair to the country to work, that is to say, to read and write or, if not to write, to indulge in those fructifying periods of solitude and tranquillity interspersed with desultory reading and note-taking, from which future writing may take its rise. For those whom the Labour Party used to call "workers by brain" the country is a place of renewal. It is here that one takes in rather than gives out. Take a farm and you say goodbye to solitude and self-renewal. You arrive to find yourself plunged in a vortex of activity, beset with a sea of problems; there are people to interview, plans to make, bills to pay, orchards to inspect. How find a cottage for a cowman or barrels for cider? All day people come and go, telephones ring, tractors start up. On a hot summer day the whole atmosphere is athrob with the palpitations of the internal combustion engine . . . Nature is forgotten. You understand why no farmer ever wrote nature poetry. You are too busy to go blackberrying or mushroom picking and you never take a walk. You long for the comparative peace of London and return to it.

C. E. M. JOAD

INTOURISΓ KELLER

Leipzig, September.

"ATTENTION!" said the small leaflet in English which had been handed to us at the Russian road check point just outside Leipzig. "Foreign guests, members of the MESS IN LEIPZIG go to the restaurant Auerbach's Keller. The restaurant is opened from 10 o'clock in the morning to 3 o'clock in the night. During this time you can get warm and cold BEST MEALS AND DIFFERENT DRINKS. Prices in free valute. Direction INTOURIST G.M.B.H."

Foreign guests of the Leipzig autumn fair we were, but what was free value? A friend who had been to Auerbach's Keller during the fair last spring explained that they required foreign currency convertible into dollars—not merely Swiss francs and Swedish kroner, but also "live" (green) dollars and (blue) sterling notes, the possession of which is strictly forbidden to U.S. and British occupation troops. He also warned us, in case we had any such money to spend, to make up our order to a round sum, as no cash change was ever returned at the Intourist restaurant. "What they have they hold. You may have to take your change in Russian cigarettes," he said. "Or accept a credit note. I myself returned the morning after our party and ate nine eggs to use up my credit for 4/6 before motoring out of Leipzig."

Having spent a good day at the fair—books, toys, and household goods were quite impressive—we meant to pass our evening at the press reception at the Rathskeller. But speeches began even before the soup, and soon it grew stuffier than even a middle-sized cellar filled with three hundred beer-drinking German journalists has a right to be, so that we left early. One foreign correspondent in our party possessed a pound note (blue) which would do for us all. We drove to Auerbach's Keller through a nocturnal Leipzig gay with lights, flags, whistles, street vendors, sausage stalls, and Leipzigers loving it all.

Our host dived into the famous wine cellar and a few minutes later came back, crestfallen. "From to-day they are no longer accepting pound notes. Come and see." We filed down the stairs. On a large poster listing the acceptable currencies the pound sterling was crossed out. "There's a Dane in there," said our host, "with a credit for 7/9 which they're refusing to honour. They've already lost 12/3 on the pound they took off him yesterday."

Digging into his pockets, he suddenly found a crumpled 25 guilder note, on the strength of which we were at last allowed to enter. "No black market trading here," said a notice on the wall. As all the food was officially provided, this was strictly true. We sat down and began to study the incredible crowd. Apart from a few Swiss, Dutch and Scandinavians—legitimately here, yet no less bewildered—there was not an honest face in the place. Green dollars, supposed never to leave the United States, changed hands all round. Cigarette girls were being pinched by indefinable sharks. An American wearing a sopping-wet Army shirt danced with a bow-legged German tart. Around the dance floor Topölski types stamped and slid heavily to a succession of German folk songs which were executed with tremendous force and in the rhythm of military marches. While we ordered our food the band unexpectedly played the "Spreading Chestnut Tree."

The equally incredible menu was priced in four currencies, but here, too, £s.d. were crossed out. "Sorry," said the head waiter. "New orders from Intourist Berlin." Husbanding our guilders, we ordered champagne at 10/- (which proved to be sweet German white wine bottled with a dash of soda water) and, for the devil of it, red caviare at 4/- (tasting like sago dyed pimento colour). A Dutch party next to us drank de Kuyper's gin, presumably looted by the Germans during the war, and for which they now paid once more in good Dutch guilders. Their change was piled up on their table—several boxes of German cigars by the name of "Ahnentruhe," Ancestral Chest.

Our host, having asked for the bill, was bidden into the manager's office, where the difficult task of making up the account in guilders was to be performed. I accompanied him. The Russian manager sat behind a desk piled, like a bank clerk's, with the banknotes of sound currencies only. We noticed, for instance, Belgian but not French francs. Two secretaries worked at an adding and a counting machine. Quietly, efficiently, our account was registered, and the receipted bill and a credit note for nine-and-a-half guilders handed to us by the smiling manager. Similar establishments, we learned from an advertisement on the menu, exist in all major cities of the Soviet Zone, and no fewer than three in Berlin alone.

Stepping back from this sober office into the madhouse atmosphere of the restaurant, one suddenly began to see the joke. Where Dr. Faustus' scholars had been done by the devil, a more disreputable company was now served by no less shrewd businessmen. If this was cynicism, there was method in it. And, looking form the besotted crowd—larvae and lemurs in various stages of intoxication—to the lone Russian officer watching them with amused contempt, one could not but appreciate the situation. To him this was Western civilisation in decline, and it seemed only fair to fleece its tottering members. To the German driver, on the other hand, whom our host proposed to take along the next morning to finish off his credit note, the joke would appear less good. As usual, "a plague on both their houses" would be his reaction.

HILDE SPIEL

THE STORY OF MATHIAS

"WHAT is it one expects from life," said Mathias, "a rise, a week at the seaside, the death of a rich uncle? To the innocent, of course, it's love."

His wife picked up her gloves. "You know I'm leaving you?"

"Worse things have happened," said Mathias.

She went, slamming the door behind her. The sudden gust disturbed a scarlet butterfly which had been resting on his desk. It moved over the polished wood, the poppy-coloured wings quivered. Mathias observed it, carnival bright and flimsy between his lead pencils and his brass paperweight, and since he did not approve of butterflies on a business desk, swatted it with the folded *Times*.

There was his company report to read; two or three letters to write; the doldrums of a warm and aimless afternoon ahead. He yawned. He reflected that it might have been wiser to have had fish for lunch.

So Catherine had left him. Mathias referred back to it as to a previous remark. Catherine had created an ambiguous, untidy and personal situation. He disliked personal situations.

He had the habit now of holding himself at arm's length. In fact the habit was so long established that he began to wonder whether he would be able to feel any emotion, supposing he wished it. There was the matter of Catherine's leaving him; they had been married for twenty years, and he could remember when his feelings towards her were both ungovernable and extreme. Surely at this moment he should experience something more than distaste for a situation? With the edge of his company report Mathias twitched the shattered butterfly into the wastepaper-basket. He did not care to be unnatural.

There was the threadbare edge of lawn where Catherine's car never quite managed to round the curve of the drive. Perhaps now the grass would grow. Her absence might not mean a great deal more than that.

He stroked his long creamy jowls, recalled the letters waiting to be written. None of them offered any reassurance. He was surprised to find himself in need of it; a drive, he thought, might restore him to normal.

The sunshine met him on his doorstep. It was as ardent with Mathias—a big soft man in black—as it was with the rolled buds of the roses. He looked about him with the air of one who has arrived at a too-large and violent party.

Driving soothed him. He might even have felt a little more the master of his situation if he had not recognised this as a mere reflection of his mastery over the car. It was a serious charge against himself—a charge of inability—he could neither refute nor ignore it; he was almost convicted on the grounds of his indifference to the loss of his wife. For him there had been but one course of action in the circumstances. He favoured a governed and secret pain—but not so secret that it was never guessed—a witty but not a corrosive bitterness, and some loss of weight.

In the High Street, penned behind the traffic-lights, he heard a newsboy shouting the headlines; "Huge Flood Disaster! Hundreds Dead, Thousands Homeless in China!" Rising floods carried away the bodies of children and chickens, rickshaws and countless twirling cooking-pots. Mathias sat appalled by his indifference to the information. Normally he would have said, "Terrible thing," and left the Chinese to a soaking which was but one of the drawbacks to being an Asiatic. To-day he could not be perfunctory.

"Hundreds drowned, thousands homeless," said Mathias. "My sensibilities are all dead." And he felt himself abnormal; he could hardly have been more disturbed if he had discovered impotence or kleptomania.

Slowly he drove on. Self-derogation was unknown to Mathias; he did not indulge in it now, but there prevailed the unwelcome thought that Tom, Dick or Harry had faculties he lacked. The very labourer he passed—white with lime and slummocky—could no doubt raise a raw and virile fury if another man so much as spat in his direction. And the schoolgirl with the bottle-shaped legs and the shelving bust, she had adolescent passions to squander and to spare.

"Animal, both of them," said Mathias, but his contempt was blunted because if he could not be accused of brute emotions, neither could he pretend to spiritual ones.

He turned his car on to a grey arterial road. Clapboard shacks, new hotels with pumpkin domes and steel balconies gave way to fields and elms and solid spinneys. Here the first of the cocked corn stood in aisles; there it waited, waist-high, tethered and lively. Mathias glanced at it and at the blade of the distant river. This was a scene both wholesome and plentiful. It reminded him of a plate of English cooking, which he loathed. Sometimes the actions of his own country embarrassed him, like the actions of a crude and regrettable relative. He had not lost his patriotic emotions; he had never possessed any.

Something fiery broke from the copse on his left and disappeared under the wheels of the car. Mathias braked, but not before he felt a soft judder and something fiery was pitched aside and lay still in the road. Mathias stopped. He thought it was a red dog he had hit, until he went close and saw that it was a fox.

Taken aback, he stood looking down at russet fur, a springing beautiful tail, mudballed; and narrow paws composed neatly one upon the other. The creature lay still, yet it was alive. One eye, fierce and rounded as a bubble, glared at Mathias. The edge of a pink tongue trembled outside a dark peaked muzzle. Fascinated, Mathias stooped nearer. His clothes creaked a little; the fox made no movement. He put out a hand. An odd convulsion shook the animal. The paws tried desperately to achieve something, the head strained against the ground and the bright lean sides quaked. Warning Mathias and his presumption, a black lip curled back over long white teeth.

A car passed, stopped farther down the road. A man and woman came towards Mathias.

"Oh dear," said the woman. "Oh, how did it happen?"

"It's a fox." The man was quite excited. "How come you to hit it?"

"It ran under my wheels." Mathias's hand trembled. "It's hurt."

"Oh, poor dear!" cried the woman. "Poor dear little thing! Isn't it a shame, Dendy?"

The man went nearer the fox and looked at it eagerly. "Lovely brush—wouldn't I like to take it and kid the boys I'd been hunting!"

The woman gave a little scream and pushed at him. "Don't be horrid, Dendy! You haven't got any feeling." Her black georgette sleeve brushed Mathias's arm. "Has he?"

"I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds." Mathias felt his nose and eyes begin to prickle. "Not for worlds."

"But you couldn't help it." She put her hand on his arm. "It was an accident. Wasn't it, Dendy?"

"Certainly," said the man called Dendy. "Sort of thing happens when one moving object meets another moving object—"

He laughed soundlessly, his mouth wide open, but Mathias cried out, "It's in pain! It's suffering!"

Once again the fox had tried to rise. Its paws could get no purchase on the ground, its long narrow head with ears pressed flat weaved a little, like a snake's. A trickle of foam crept from under the black lip; agony and a ferocity of fear stretched the round bubble eye to breaking.

"Poor dear," said the woman, drawing closer to Mathias. "Poor dear thing."

"I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds!" cried Mathias. "I can never forgive myself—never—"

"Why, don't take on so, there's a dear. It wasn't your fault. It was just an accident—"

"Poor chap." Mathias stooped over the fox. "Poor, poor old chap. I'll look after you—"

A small breakdown lorry stopped on the other side of the road and a young man in mechanic's overalls came across. He looked from the fox to the three of them standing round.

"Someone run it down?"

"I did," declared Mathias passionately. "It was my fault."

"Odd thing, running down a fox," said the young man. "They're usually too smart for that."

Gingerly he put his hand on the fox's back. It snarled, tried to turn on him, and gave a sharp scream of agony.

"Leave it alone!" shouted Mathias. "Can't you see you're hurting it?"

"Poor little thing," said the woman. "It must have a tender spot there."

"Tender spot?" said the mechanic. "Its back's broken." Without another word he left them to go across to his lorry.

Mathias felt his eyes fill with tears. He hitched up his striped trousers and went down on his knees beside the fox. It was too far gone to notice him; he dared to stroke the velvet fur between its ears and was at once obsessed with tenderness.

"Poor old chap." he murmured.

The young man in mechanic's overalls came back and stood beside him. "Mind moving a minute?"

"I do mind." Mathias went on stroking the fox's head. "I've no intention of letting you hurt it again."

"Come on, now. I've got a breakdown waiting up the road."

"Then go to it!" cried Mathias angrily. "You won't be allowed to torment a dumb animal while I can stop you—"

He got no farther for the young man put one hand on his chest and tipped him over backwards. Mathias was so taken by surprise that he sat on the road with his legs in the air, and before he could move, the mechanic had lifted a heavy spanner and brought it down on the fox's skull.

Mathias heard the woman cry out, saw the animal twitch once or twice and lie still. The young man picked up the body by its four feet and dropped it on the other side of the hedge. It was all done while Mathias sat in the road, unable to move.

"Sorry," said the young man, coming back and holding out a hand to help him up. "It was the quickest way."

White with fury, Mathias struggled to his feet, ignoring the outstretched hand. "You swine! You wanton swine!" His voice broke hoarsely. "Get away from me before I thrash you!"

The mechanic shrugged, took a cigarette from behind his ear. He looked at each of them in turn before he strolled back to his lorry, the spanner dangling from his hand.

Nobody spoke until he had driven away. "Well, I must say!" said the woman. She came and leaned against Mathias's arm. "That's what some men are like—no feeling at all."

"The swine!" said Mathias under his breath. "The wanton swine!" He felt a wetness on his cheek.

"It wasn't doing *him* any harm."

"Come on now, Bea," said the man called Dendy. "We must be making tracks."

The woman would have ignored him had not Mathias become aware of her and disengaged himself.

"Thank you," he said, raised his hat and went quickly back to his car.

"Well! Can you beat it!" exclaimed the woman, loudly and angrily. "Does he call that manners?"

"I'd have liked that brush to take back to the boys."

Mathias turned his car and went the way he had come. As he drove, his anger ebbed; and as it ebbed, it was replaced by something warming and profound. For of four people that afternoon, it was Mathias alone who had felt emotion—emotion, moreover, that was selfless, genuine and altogether admirable.

A. L. BARKER

The Arts and Entertainment

EDINBURGH POSTSCRIPT

THE divergence of critical opinion over the Colonne performances was so startling that I wish I had heard some of them for myself; but Paul Paray's programmes were sadly stale and conventional, as those of our French visitors so often are. One imagines the scene when any French conductor's bag is being packed for an English tour. "I suppose monsieur will be taking the *Après-midi d'un Faune* and the *Apprenti Sorcier* as usual?" "Yes, certainly; and please don't forget to put in my *Carnaval Romain* and my César Franck." "There's just room for one novelty, monsieur." "Oh well, anything you like, my dear chap . . . what about a concerto by Lalo or Saint-Saëns?"

Barbirolli and the Hallé won golden opinions for their Berlioz and Elgar, and the Liverpool Philharmonic under Sir Malcolm Sargent were also evidently on their mettle, but in their second concert they were hampered by the impossibility of keeping in touch with Primrose in the Walton *Viola Concerto*, and by the choice of Holst's *Planets* as principal dish. It was a natural choice for a festival, I agree; and yet to hear the huge suite again was a disillusioning experience—it has become a mausoleum. *Venus*, it is true, retains a wan charm of the Puvis de Chavannes order, there are impressive moments in *Saturn*, and *Mars* continues to stun, in the sense that we are stunned by the contents of our daily newspapers; but the thematic material of *Uranus* begins to look very shoddy, and as for *Jupiter*—what was it ever but a *non-sequitur* medley of galumphing tunes? Speaking for myself, I found that a rehearing of *Das Lied von der Erde* made precisely the opposite effect: silver age music, no doubt, but more inventive, more fascinating in detail and even more deeply poetical than I had supposed. Of course, it was a wonderful occasion, this reunion, after nine such years, of the Vienna Philharmonic and the much-beloved Bruno Walter; an occasion to which Mahler's score was strangely appropriate, with its sunset radiance, its nostalgia for the simple and sensuous pleasures of the happy past, its bouts of despair, its awareness of gathering shadows. Some of the players may well have felt, like Aeneas at Carthage, that the memories they were being asked to renew were unspeakably sad; more probably, however, they were absorbed, as we listeners were, in the pure aesthetic joy of this profoundly authentic performance—and let us not forget the singing of our own Kathleen Ferrier and Peter Pears, as fully charged with the right emotion as any Austrian interpretations I can recall, and a great deal steadier and more lyrical than some. The Viennese strings have lost none of their old sweetness and rhythmical grace, and the whole orchestra responded to Dr. Walter's handling with a series of performances (especially of a Haydn Symphony, of Beethoven's *Pastoral* and of lighter things by Schubert and Johann Strauss) which we are unlikely to hear surpassed.

The only absolute novelty of the Festival, Ian Whyte's *Piano Concerto*, was unfortunately not of a quality to demand serious discussion, the piano writing in particular being so ineffective as to rule it out of the category of *Kapellmeistermusik*. The famous Czech Nonet gave beautiful performances of several works which were novelties to us, by composers whose very names are unfamiliar. All were very well worth hearing: on the strength of single works (and three Nonets in close succession made an unfair strain on the critical attention) Krejci (*b.* 1904) seemed a sort of Czech Poulenc, Jirak (*b.* 1891) and Ridky (*b.* 1897) warm, lyrical and fluent (occasionally over-fluent) descendants of Dvorak; both the latter can write good tunes, and are not in the least dull.

I must deal all too summarily with the non-musical side of the Festival. The Old Vic productions either have been or will be seen in London, but the engagement of Louis Jouvet's company provided an experience which Londoners may well envy Edinburgh. I was unable to see Giraudoux's *Ondine*; but Molière's *L'Ecola des Femmes* was a masterly performance. Perhaps Jouvet repeated that mirthless wheeze once or twice too often; but then what relish he threw into the preposterous sermon on marriage, and what an admirable freedom from conventional soubrette tricks was displayed by the enchanting Dominique Blanchar, whether merely submitting to the spate of words, recounting her own innocently outrageous adventures, or reciting in that pathetic monotone the interminable "Maximes du Mariage." Bérard's set won applause for its own sake, and his costumes were a supremely elegant demonstration of the art of keeping stage colours few, pure and harmoniously matched.

The Festival of 1948 is now a certainty, and if the Edinburgh Corporation are wise they will leave its direction in the hands which have succeeded so well in 1947. A sure way to spoil the flavour of this delectable Scotch broth will be to employ too many cooks in its preparation.

★ ★ ★

The Vienna State Opera opened its welcome visit to Covent Garden with a performance of *Don Giovanni* which was charming, orchestrally smooth and exceptionally agreeable to the eye. It was in some respects rather a small-scale affair: one had the sensation that our visitors had not yet taken the measure of a house which is a good deal larger than the Theater an der Wien or the Redoutensaal, their two temporary homes in Vienna. However, we shall be in a better position to decide on this point after hearing the remainder of their repertoire, and in particular the eagerly awaited *Fidelio*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

IN 1940, qualities that we have acquired or inherited, as a nation, altered the history of the world. Last Sunday the attempt was made to recapture some of the greatness of that history in a feature programme. Laurence Gilliam, the B.B.C.'s Director of Features, did well to make the attempt: there is nothing we need more than to regain for present and future use the qualities called, in so many speeches, "the spirit of Dunkirk." (The phrase is in itself revealing; we use the name of a forced and desperate retreat, complete defeat of a badly armed army and the loss of all its weapons, to symbolise the resistant, creative, enduring, gladly co-operative spirit of our "finest hour.") And Mr. Gilliam also did well, I think, to produce this documentary with a minimum of "effects"; noises of bombers approaching or of bombs falling would have added nothing.

Yet the "Battle for Britain" was disappointing. It sounded as if it had been written not by Chester Wilmot, the war correspondent, but by Mr. Bevin's advisers at the Foreign Office. This "full story" emphasised that Hitler's plans were defeated not so much by the spirit of a Commonwealth, embodied mainly in a few hundred fighter pilots, as by an ingenious system of radar warning, and of wireless control, that helped to guide the pilots. We were told of the wisdom of the Air Council in 1936; we heard the words of leaders and commanders of Hitler's directives and Churchill's speeches; but heard almost nothing of those fighting and working, and nothing at all of the past blunders that made it inevitable for them to fight and work under handicap and against great odds.

It was a "programme of facts"; Lawrence Gilliam claimed recently in the *Radio Times* that the feature programmes he controls are based on facts and impressions "always, as far as humanly possible, first-hand." It is a justified claim; but it does not justify a selection of facts to give an impression quite different from that of the event. Part of the dramatic quality of the story is lost, as well as its social implications, if out of deference to politicians' feelings we

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carefully forget how unprepared we were: that our Army had three, or five, or seven, equipped divisions to meet an invasion by thirteen German divisions. And much was lost, too, on the psychological side. The general mood of the British people was not indicated: the rueful anger against past folly and neglect, so soon mingled and replaced by the feeling that all this was now changed, changed utterly; that a fresh start was being made.

That feeling, that faith, in ourselves and in the future, was a fact of 1940; it did rather more than radar to defeat Hitler's plans. It is the aspect of 1940 that needs to be re-created. It is the aspect Chester Wilmot's script omitted, in favour of the "official" fact that he emphasised; "that *we* had been silently preparing to fight the Battle of Britain long before the war began—and the Germans had not."

"Paddy" Fiducane and "Sailor" Malan, and the pilots from our towns and counties; the girls picking apples in Kent, the men ploughing with the bombers and "dog-fights" over them, firemen in the blazing docks and sailors on the convoys into the Thames: these were people who took the Luftwaffe's attack. It is perfectly possible to weave sketches of such people into the documents, the official facts, and the speeches; and I remember scripts produced by the same producer that have done this with clarity and power.

And who renamed this battle "the battle *for* Britain"? "The battle *of* Britain" seems to imply that it was fought by, and against, the whole nation; "the battle *for* Britain" to imply that it was fought on behalf of the nation, with Britain either a geographical expression or a relatively passive prize to be won. The punctual starting of "Twenty Questions, a Radio parlour game," interrupted the Vienna Philharmonic orchestra and Bruno Walter and Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony;* a full and formal apology was made. Surely there is also something to apologise for in the casual renaming of great events?

TOM WINTRINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"Song of Love," at the Empire
"The Long Night," at the Tivoli

Song of Love is that domestic whimsy about the Schumanns (Brahms and Liszt assisting) which is so much funnier to read about than to see. Even its most piercing moments—the Schumann baby yelling hungrily in the wings while on the platform Clara improvises cuts and *accelerandos*—seem unaccountably to lack verve. *Song of Love* doesn't quite let go. But I can see that its successors will. The Wagner epic, for example, will be a riot of Technicolor, Venusberg girls, and anniversaries of the idyll under the window; he has a passion for woollens and chocolate truffles, and Mendelssohn, his valet, who is in love with Cosima, skulks unhappily in the servants' hall below thumping out a Wedding March. Then there is the romantic history of Sibelius and Elgar who share an attic in Soho and carry parcels for a little dancer at the Oxford called Tuonela. What times they have, all three, on the island in the Serpentine, bathing, running races, and at night sitting round the barbecue, while Tuonela dances *Valse Triste* and Chaliapin leads the chorus for *Land of Hope and Glory!* "I love you all," sighs Tuonela, "but I think that I love Yan best, he has such rhythm, such divine hair! Next week you play your symphony at the Three Choirs Festival, and King Edward will be there. I can't wait! Yan, take me to Monte Carlo!" But at that moment a swan glides past in the twilight. The rest of the story is well known.

Meanwhile, *Song of Love* lets its boredom run a couple of hours. Clahra (Miss Hepburn) and Rahbert (Paul Henreid) strive to keep their self-respect; the music (bits and pieces) is given neat; the long silences between are crammed with American home-life. If you wish to learn what sort of nursemaid Brahms might have made, this is the very film to tell you.

The Long Night is Carné's *Le Jour Se Lève*, remade, debased and botched by Hollywood. A more tasteless display of incompetence it would be hard to imagine. Not only has every subtlety of character and acting, every trace of poetry, been expunged from the original, but the taut drama—which, at least, one might have expected to be preserved—has vanished in a welter of sensationalism. Carné, it will be remembered, achieved his drama by a succession of skilfully contrived throw-backs which never removed from our minds the hunted man in the locked room: this construction has been recklessly thrown away to introduce long and tedious pieces of reminiscence on the part of the murderer's girl. Was the final scene, with the smoke slowly rising from the tear-gas over the dead body, a perfect climax to a masterpiece of tension? These expoliators have preferred an ending of their own; the girl must rescue her doomed man and, after gabbling brave speeches, send him off to stand his trial. *The Long Night* is a masterpiece of the second-hand and the tenth-rate. Well in keeping with its general character is the fact that no acknowledgment whatsoever has been made to the original film, which for long stretches is cribbed detail by detail and shot by shot. The title is attributed to *Macbeth*, possibly because, not having been able to buy up Shakespeare, R.K.O. Pictures feel a natural scruple in the matter.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

EUROPE AND EMPIRE.

SIR,—There is a sentence in Mr. Crossman's article on France and Britain which puzzles me: "The more obvious our need for union with Western Europe, the more obstinately we seek for a British Empire solution." He writes as if the two things are incompatible, whereas of course they are complementary. Western Europe needs the primary products of the Empire, and the Empire needs the markets and the industrial products of Western Europe. Reconstruct and integrate the economies of the one, develop and consolidate the economies of the other, and all will prosper. We have the chance to form and lead a third world group, potentially as powerful as the United States or the Soviet Union, and with greater resources than either. Dedicated to the preservation of peace and of the values of Western democracy, and steering a middle course between the extremes of collectivism and individualism, such a group could save our civilisation from total destruction.

What a theme! Is it too much to ask that our present masters shall have the vision to see, and the courage to act before it is too late? They will have to abandon the doctrine of non-discrimination, and the insane attempt to revert to the economic anarchy of the nineteenth century. But who is there, outside Wall Street, the British and U.S. Treasuries, and Colney Hatch, who believes any longer in the doctrine of non-discrimination?

ROBERT BOOTHBY

RUHR VALLEY AUTHORITY

SIR,—In criticism of Commander Young, Mr. David Mitrany makes a number of statements which are based on his work with the excellent P.E.P. "Study of Economic Development in South-Eastern Europe," on his experience as an advisor to Unilevers and on the connection of Unilevers with the East African Groundnuts Scheme:

(*a*) Regional co-operation in the valleys of the Tennessee, Ruhr and Danube could only be achieved by functional co-operation on the lines of the T.V.A.

(*b*) Such schemes to be effective need outside technical and financial assistance.

(*c*) A "purely technical control" (presumably from outside) is also necessary to ensure that the population of the valley gets "more than a trickle" of the intended benefits and that these are not all absorbed in "political overheads," which have been the cause of S.E. European poverty.

No one will deny Mr. Mitrany's wide experience or his statement that poverty of resources is not the

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TWO AND SIXPENCE

cause of S.E. European poverty. Nor will it be doubted that the rake-off taken by pre-war Balkan Governments (presumably what Mr. Mitrany means by "political overheads") was an important factor in leaving little of any foreign investment for the peasant. But the truth of this does not prove the truth of Mr. Mitrany's other statements.

First, as the P.E.P. Report showed, poverty in S.E. Europe was basically the result of the total lack of industrial development in the area. Secondly, local "political overheads" were far less than the profits earned from the foreign capital which was invested in industrial development, the value of such profits exported from the country exceeding by many times the value of the capital imported. Thirdly, technical control by private foreign capitalists did not reduce the profits exported or increase the benefits to the peasants. (And Commander Young begs leave to doubt whether foreign capital invested in a public corporation on the T.V.A. model, with the degree of foreign control which the foreign investors would presumably expect, would in fact leave any greater benefits to the peasant). Fourthly, the example of the East African Ground-nuts Scheme is unfortunate because, however humanitarian the heads of that business, Unilevers still has to pay dividends and because the industrial part of the scheme—the processing of fat from nuts—is not to be carried on in East Africa at all, but, like the processing of some of Yugoslavia's minerals before the war, in Britain. The one-sided agricultural economy of East Africa will be further exaggerated as was that of Yugoslavia. Fifthly, the Czech, Polish and Hungarian, and even more particularly the Yugoslav, Bulgarian and Rumanian Two-, Three- and Five-Year Plans are in fact carrying out every one of the P.E.P. recommendations, as I have been able to see with my own eyes, at least in Yugoslavia, during the last two and a half years work there. But they are carrying out their plans without any foreign financial assistance and with practically no such technical aid. Sixthly, the execution of these plans is being made possible, just as Mr. Mitrany has always said it would be, by the wealth of the countries, unexploited resources and by regional co-operation among them. This co-operation is, however, the voluntary regional co-operation of the new Governments in these countries and not that of the pre-war industrialists, and it has been achieved without the foreign control or investments which Mr. Mitrany advocates, and without the assistance of Mr. Mitrany.

Washington control, as Commander Young said, is acceptable in Tennessee and might be enforced in the Ruhr, but it has been firmly rejected in the Danube in favour of mutual bartering trade agreements which are growing towards just such a Customs Union in the South-East as is proving so difficult to achieve for Mr. Marshall's pleasure in the West of Europe. The moral is obvious.

Old Bridge House, MICHAEL BARRATT BROWN
Kelvedon, Essex.

THE PUNJAB DISORDERS

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Samar R. Sen which was published in your issue of September 13th, under the caption "The Punjab," requires immediate refutation. Writing from the comfortable security of his armchair in London, Mr. Sen claims that press reports from India exaggerate the present "disorders," and challenges the estimates of casualties that have been published in the British press. He concludes his letter by the incredible statement that "the important thing in India to-day is not these riots."

Mr. Sen's attempt to minimise the disaster that has engulfed the Punjab, and which already threatens other parts of India, may be due to a Bengali's indifference to sufferings in another Province, or to the fact that he has not witnessed these sufferings with his own eyes. I have. For in the course of a recent journey to Karachi from Simla I travelled right through the East and West Punjab, suffered a train wreck and narrowly escaped from the swords and spears of the train wreckers, saw villages on fire and deserted fields, saw the mutilated bodies of murdered men, women and children. I also saw the pitiful hordes of refugees, struggling to pass from East to West Punjab, and vice versa, and saw the fear and the despair on the faces of thousands and thousands of humble folk, fleeing from their homes and their fields. Finally I saw the peace and security which was preserved during the hundred years of British rule in the Punjab swept away in a week of organised mob violence, and an orgy of murder, arson and loot.

These catastrophic events cannot be dismissed as "disorders" or "riots," as Mr. Sen would have the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION believe. They are a calamity so dreadful that if the feelings of many people in Britain to-day had not been blunted by the events of the past seven years, there would be an immediate response from every humanitarian, and particularly from all those in this country whose concern in the welfare of the people of India did not come to a sudden end with the transfer of power last month. D. G. HARINGTON HAWES

13 Victoria Park, Dover.

UNOFFICIAL CONFERENCE

SIR,—The Institute of Pacific Relations, an International body devoted to the study of the problems of the peoples of the Pacific, has just held its Tenth Conference in Stratford-on-Avon. This is the first I.P.R. Conference to be held in this country and it has brought more than a hundred of the world's most distinguished experts on Asia.

There are doubtless many of the readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION who would welcome an opportunity of meeting some of them, and such an opportunity is provided in the Asia Conference to be held in the School of Oriental and African Studies on Saturday and Sunday, September 27th-28th. This has been organised by a group of organisations interested in the increasingly important problems of Asia. The speakers will include Asiatics with first-hand knowledge of the new Republics in Asia, of India and Pakistan, and Speakers from the Institute of Pacific Relations Conference. The opening session, entitled "The Importance of Asia in the Post-War World," will be presided over by Col. David Rees-Williams, M.P., the Chairman of the Conference.

I shall be pleased to provide further particulars and delegates' credentials—the fee for the whole Conference is 5s. WOODROW WYATT, Hon. Sec.,
House of Commons. Asia Conference.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—Since the problem of German universities will be with us for a long time, perhaps I may reply to Mr. Brailsford's letter? Nothing in my letter need have led him to believe that I am against proper university education for Germans or that I do not realise that some students are splendid fellows and that all of them are living under bad conditions. I simply said that it was dangerous and unfair to consider the students as "all that is best in German youth" at the expense of other members of the younger generation. To point to the terrible living conditions and the hard work of the students is no answer to the question whether Germany and Europe can afford once again a German academic proletariat. Of course, there are undergraduates who work very hard for the right reasons, but my impression based on some experience is that this hard work is for too many only a desperate attempt to escape the social and economic consequences of the altered structure of German society. Mr. Brailsford's comparison with this country is faulty for two reasons. We all are familiar with the "post-war bulge" at our universities, but the numbers at British universities have nowhere increased three times or even four times as happens not infrequently at German universities. Secondly, it is believed rightly or wrongly that there is a shortage of university-trained people in Britain, while nobody can maintain that this is so or will be so in the future

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in Germany. Many Germans point out that the numbers of students in the British Zone are swelled by those who have come from the territories in the East. But this surely does not justify an increase in numbers. A medical student who would once have studied in Koenigsberg or Breslau to become a G.P. in East Prussia or Silesia will neither desire nor would he be permitted to practice in Kaliningrad or Wroclaw. There will be no room for him in Western Germany unless fewer students from the West are allowed to study. It is becoming very urgent that the Germans should face the results of Hitler's policy or else we shall have to face once again an irredentist foreign policy in Germany.

Finally, the most important point: Mr. Brailsford asks if I would deny the Germans a university education and I will answer with all possible clarity. The type of university education provided by too many—though certainly not by all—German professors at present in office is one from which both Germany and Europe should be saved. Our policy, I venture to think, has tried to be humane to-day without considering to-morrow. Many professors should never have been allowed to continue with the work they did to the satisfaction of the Third Reich. This would have meant a period of drastically reduced activities at the universities until a new generation had been trained at the few places that would have remained open. If it be objected that this would have entailed a break in the traditions of the universities no one with any knowledge of the spirit prevailing at these institutions over the last 50 years would consider this anything but a consummation devoutly to be wished. At present the proportion of men of good will is higher amongst the students than amongst the professors. We are running the risk of having the students corrupted by their teachers and of being told later, when the majority of the next generation of Germany's leading men turns out bad again that, after all, we had it in our power to do something about it.

CHRISTOPHER COBBE

47 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.

WRITERS IN RUSSIA

SIR,—Is not the disciplining of writers and artists in Russia more easily understandable than Mr. Raymond Mortimer seems to think? The Soviet creed is secular Utopianism; the rulers aim at building some kind of ideal society on earth, and the only activities which they (quite logically) consider valuable are those which contribute to that end. For them, an artist is simply a worker equipped with a particular set of tools; unless he produces goods which suit the Utopia-production plan he is useless. At the moment, apparently, patriotic propaganda is the product chiefly required; the artist who fails to supply it is merely a Soviet spiv.

Even so, the rulers might think it worth while to grant the artists and writers a certain amount of freedom, in the hope that they would produce some useful new goods by a lucky chance—rather in the same way as some scientists may be allowed to pursue unplanned research. But the trouble is that the artists work in dangerous fields; they are liable to split conventions and produce emotional bombs. Picasso and "modernist" art are blamed because this kind of art stirs up the forces of the unconscious and uses them to disintegrate the prestige of authority and the father-image. It will always be suspect to the holders of established power.

Among intellectuals, the social influence of religion is often assumed to be the great enemy of freedom of thought, as it may be and often has been. But to-day we are perhaps learning that the creed of a purely secular society with Utopian ambitions is a more dangerous and more consistent enemy. For any citizen of such a society who claims freedom of thought can give no satisfying reason for his frivolous, if not mutinous, request.

C. D.

A LATTERDAY CANUTE

SIR,—In his highly interesting review of Eric Gill's *Essays*, Mr. Richard Church says: "Gill blames the bankers, and of course the Reformation which gave a sanction to usury." Is it not about time to revise, if not to jettison, this plausible generalisation concerning the growth of the money-power to which Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* gave currency? Centuries before Protestantism was heard of, the banks of Italy and Germany were doing a roaring business; the Church itself, in the person of the Pope, regularly employing these finance-houses and, in moments of fiscal embarrassment, even threatening ex-communication. It is doubtful if Eric Gill, whose theories, your reviewer says, were based on the Franciscan idea of Poverty, knew much about the history of the subject; and he would probably have been surprised to learn that, less than a century after St. Francis's death, four of his friars were publicly burnt at Marseilles "for adhering with heretical obstinacy to their Founder's first ideal of poverty." The Church's immense holdings of real estate in this vale of tears were based on the other-worldly and practically inexhaustible assets of her Musical Banks.

21 East Avenue, Bournemouth. HAROLD BINNS

GEORGE ELIOT AND GEORGE LEWES

SIR,—From Mr. Halcott Glover's vicious and unfounded assault on the character of George Henry Lewes it is apparent that England's notoriously stringent libel laws offer no protection to the dead. When it was served up as sensational fiction, his shocking fabrication could be easily ignored; but published as fact in a reputable journal, it must not stand unchallenged. Mr. Glover states that he was furnished by his aunt "Mrs. Lucy Gell (niece of Mrs. Thornton Hunt), who had been in the confidence of Agnes Lewes, with the substance of her personal confessions." Some of the details he gives are obviously false. Agnes was not 17 when she married, but nearly 20, and she had a knowledge of contemporary French and Spanish literature oddly at variance with the shyness he pictures. Even fiction could not make credible the infamous story of her husband's seducing her maid on the bridal night.

Such lurid efforts to establish Agnes as "a deeply wronged woman" can succeed only if Lewes is shown to be an idiot or a monster. I have no desire to vindicate his character by blackening hers. The essential facts have been available since 1933 in Anna T. Kitchel's *George Lewes and George Eliot*, a book Mr. Glover seems not to know. After bearing her husband three sons, Agnes had between 1850 and 1857 four more children by Thornton Hunt. Lewes not only saved them from the stigma of illegitimacy by consenting to having them registered under his name, but he contributed to Agnes's support all his life. Nothing could be more generous than his consideration for her in the course she had chosen. And if, after his home had been hopelessly broken up for more than four years, he resolved to join his life with Marian Evans's, no honest man will blame him.

The preposterous charge that he "encouraged Agnes to be unfaithful to him" is only malicious gossip that can never be substantiated. It is a matter of record, however, that E. F. S. Pigott, Sir Arthur Helps, Herbert Spencer, and many other friends who knew all the facts, considered his conduct above reproach. The "irregularities" of his early life, which Mr. Glover represents without evidence as a source of terror to George Eliot, are equally absurd, and can never be squared with his enormous output over more than thirty-five years of literary work of high quality. In biography, philosophy, psychology, and zoology he did useful work, some of which still holds its place. The importance of his pioneer studies of the nervous system is just being recognized. When his literary criticism becomes generally accessible, he will rank among the two or three best critics of the nineteenth century. Without following Mr. Glover to the presence of the Recording Angel, I feel sure that his unsupported charges will in the end defeat the very purpose for which they are made.

Yale University. GORDON S. HAIGHT

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

To anyone brought up in a moderately literate household in the early years of this century I suppose Ruskin was always vaguely in the background. One remembers scratching about with a pen-nib in response to the instructions in *The Elements of Drawing;* and wondering (I still do) what "Fors Clavigera" could possibly mean. I suppose it was really because of Ruskin that we clubbed together our Christmas-present money to buy a print of the Birth of Venus, and that on our Protestant walls hung a Botticelli Virgin and Child. There was always a suggestion of esoteric learning about his works: even the modest collection with which I was acquainted seemed to be on a bewildering variety of subjects, and the titles, even when they were in English, seemed to give remarkably little clue to the contents. But the sense of moving about in worlds not realised became deepest when I was persuaded to embark on *Modern Painters*. I liked looking at the pictures (Ruskin's delicate drawings are indeed a delight), and could see that it had something to do with Turner; but so much more of it seemed to be about God and the Alps and Sir Joshua Reynolds that the general direction of the book remained impenetrably obscure. I suspect that, to the general reader, if any general reader now ever looks at it, it is likely to be so still. This extraordinary mixture of piety and geology and æsthetics is so far from the way anybody thinks about art nowadays that the book is apt to look like a mere intellectual freak.

Part of the trouble is with the word modern in the title. It implies a contrast, and it is hard at first to be sure with what. The modern should be relieved brightly against a sombre background of tradition, but at a sufficient distance both fade equally into the blue, and the original sharp antitheses melt in the mists of aerial perspective. You can use a historical telescope to pick up the intended contrasts, but they will never have the emotional force they had when plainly visible to the naked eye. *Modern Painters* is loquacious and eclectic, but in its own day its purport was clear enough. The apologia for Turner is the starting-point, but the more important aim is to contrast a theory of art evolved by Ruskin, partly from the study of Turner himself and partly from the study of nature, with the established academic canons. Some of the confusion is caused by Ruskin fighting on two fronts. There were two academic traditions in Victorian painting, one of Flemish realism, the other of the Grand Style of historical painting, best expounded in England in the Discourses of Reynolds. Their principles were almost exactly opposite, and Ruskin is attacking both. Reynolds upholds the school of conventionalised historic grandeur, in which individual distinctions are lost in a general sublimity: his concern is to condemn the "dry, Gothic and even insipid manner, which attends to minute accidental discriminations of particular and individual objects," and to exalt "that grand style of painting which improves partial representation by the general and invariable ideas of nature." It was the doctrine of his age, in literature as well as in art: the grand style is achieved by representing not the individual but the type. Poetry, as Johnson says, does not number the streaks of the tulip. The reaction came with the end of the century, in Blake's diatribes against Reynolds: "To generalise is to be an idiot." But Blake's practice did not do much to support his theory: his figure-drawing is mostly a compendious version of Michelangelesque grandeur, and he steadily avoided drawing from nature. Ruskin's main concern is with the minute and patient study of individual forms, and in this he breaks completely with the traditions of what was still called "High Art." To Reynolds the demand for generalised nature did not really imply even the representation of the species. Art was not only to avoid numbering the streaks of the tulip: it was not to be too particular in distinguishing between the tulip and any other flower, certainly not to go about laboriously sorting out oaks from elms. Ruskin demands, first of all, the careful discrimination of natural species, the different kinds of tree and rock and cloud, and demands that this should be done in the only way in which it can be properly done, by the minute study of individual examples. The genius like Turner can see truly what he sees by sheer native acuity of vision, but the ordinary student will have to be something of a botanist and a geologist, as Ruskin was himself. As Ruskin's religion at this time was a sort of Wordsworthian Evangelicalism, nature was the direct manifestation of God. To study rocks and flowers, to discriminate and represent their beauties, was a kind of worship. What could be more lucid? The æsthetics, the geology and the piety all fuse together: Turner, science and the meanest flower that blows, all with one voice sing Holy, holy, holy; and Ruskin is the prophet who opens the ears of mankind to the heavenly harmony. No wonder the book is written with a slight air of complacency.

But the injunction to go to nature, rejecting nothing and scorning nothing, is not meant to lead to a pedestrian realism. Ruskin spends as much scorn on Teniers, Ruysdael and "the various Van-somethings and Back-somethings" as he does on Poussin, Salvator, or even Claude himself. Ruskin's criterion is a representational one, but it is not the illusionist imitation of objects, it is the sensitive representation of the life, the ethos of natural forms. In his theory there is nothing to prevent him admiring the Picassos of the cubist period, though his personal tastes and inclinations would hardly have stood the strain. In practice, of course, he provided a philosophy for the Pre-Raphaelites; and Holman Hunt has recorded the excitement with which, as a young man, he read a borrowed copy of *Modern Painters*, feeling that it had been written especially for him. Perhaps it influenced his painting of brick walls at midnight, and his resolute pursuit of models for his Scapegoat along the arid margins of the Dead Sea. These amiable eccentricities may seem to have little to do with art; but Ruskin's laborious education of the senses is actually a far more important thing than, let us say, the rather flash æstheticism of Whistler. Ruskin was teaching a generation gone æsthetically blind how to use their eyes. For this task he was particularly well-equipped. He had an exquisite sensibility to natural forms, and a command of prose that enabled him to talk about them intelligibly. It is much harder to write about shapes and colours than about ideas. To do so Ruskin invented what is practically a new kind of critical writing—something that is not science, yet is certainly not mere poeticising about natural phenomena.

> We habitually think of the rain-cloud as dark and grey; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazzling of the hues of heaven. Often in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft, level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue; or, when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader clouds above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-colour, and purple, and amber, and blue; not shining, but misty-soft; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss silk; looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain.

This looks like mere fine writing, but it is not; it is functional. It tells you nothing about how clouds are formed, but in its way it is a scientific rather than an emotive description; it presents delicately and accurately facts of visual appearance that not one person in ten would have noticed for himself. The tone of confidence in which Ruskin pronounces on the accuracy of representational paintings is no more than is justified by the facts. No one could read the passages on the cirrus clouds, on the form of mountain crests, on reflections in water, without becoming convinced that Ruskin really does know what things look like better than other people.

The continual minute study of natural forms leads Ruskin into the curious state of mind in which he not only personifies Nature, but talks of her as if she were an artist, concerned purely with formal effects. This sometimes looks like an unduly prolonged joke, but the fact is that a good deal of the book is a sort of natural theology. It is a continuation of the eighteenth century tradition of Paley, in which the providence of God is proved by the excellence of his workmanship in nature; but in Ruskin the appeal, instead of being to practical adaptation, is to beauty of design. Art is the expression of man's joy in God's work; and all art is worship, says Ruskin. Thus he prepares the way for the coming worship of beauty, and the link between æstheticism and religion that the Eighties and Nineties were to work so hard. He himself always uses the word æsthetic in a more or less derogatory way, to describe an enjoyment that is purely of the senses; and in the edition of 1888, by which time the term had become fashionable, he goes out of his way to abuse it in a footnote. In fact, Ruskin's ideas are found prominently displayed, though often standing on their heads, in most of the later æsthetic movement. Ruskin's treatment of art in the spirit of morality is only the mirror-image of the Nineties' treatment of morality in the spirit of art. They may produce different results, but both depend on the belief that the apprehension of beauty is a direct avenue to the metaphysically good life. Ruskin insists constantly that the perception of beauty is moral, by which he means not that it is a perception of right and wrong, but that it is an affair of man's nature as a whole, not merely of the senses or of a special æsthetic faculty. Painting, therefore, like any other art, is the expression of the whole nature of the man who produces it, or of the culture to which it belongs, and you can't say a great deal about it in purely formal terms. I haven't the slightest doubt that this is true; the most purist of art critics are constantly passing from formal considerations to others that are, in Ruskin's sense, moral; and it is difficult to see how they could avoid it. Of course, Ruskin often expresses this in a ridiculously over-simplified way: so that the inattentive reader might pardonably interpret him as saying that good art is only produced by good men, and good men are those of whom his mother would have approved. He wasn't saying anything so silly; nevertheless it is his insistence on the connection of the visual arts with the rest of life that has done most to cut him off from later readers. The row between Ruskin and Whistler was more than an exhibition of petulance: the doctrine of Whistler's *Ten O'clock* lecture, that the formal pattern could have no possible relevance beyond itself, really does mark the break with the Ruskin tradition: and this attitude has been implied in much modern criticism, though I do not think it has often been consistently maintained.

The worry about truth to nature which accounts for most of the bulk of *Modern Painters* again seems pretty irrelevant to present-day standards. But here the difference is one of emphasis. There is a passage in *The Stones of Venice* where Ruskin talks more sense about representation and abstraction than I remember seeing elsewhere in so short a space. Painting, after all, must be some kind of commentary on actual appearances. Where Ruskin differs from us in post-post-impressionist days is that he does not recognise that geometric form can also be an abstraction from organic forms, and express something of their life. Where his doctrine is permanently important is in his insistence that the sense of form, unless constantly fertilised by contact with natural appearances, becomes in the end arid and dead.

GRAHAM HOUGH

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FAR FROM THE WEST END

The Other Theatre. By NORMAN MARSHALL. *John Lehmann.* 15*s.*

What is the Other Theatre? Perpetually renascent, always evanescent, it is a creation, or series of creations, about which it is impossible to be precise. Its latest historian, Mr. Norman Marshall, who knows as much about it as any other living producer of plays, speaks of it as non-commercial, though he does not forget to point out that many of its discoveries, after preliminary trials in the provinces, or in barns, converted garages and skittle-alleys, have brilliantly succeeded in the West End, compelled nitwit speculators to realise that "otherness" may make profits and that they themselves, lords of the managerial monopolies, have a no more accurate prevision of "what the public wants" than the dog tipster has of the chances of a greyhound with a speed-compelling name. But the Other Theatre has also been described as the Pioneer Theatre. "Pioneers, oh, pioneers!" Towards what? To what permanence of dramatic ideals? Again, when we were not so very young, but young enough to wish never to become commercial, we the adolescent audiences, we the receptive playgoers, used to talk rapturously, and often priggishly, of the Advanced Theatre. Some of those advanced plays now sound rather creaky in retrograde movement. The Theatre of To-morrow, the Theatre of the Future: these never emerged out of limbo. Two world wars commanded *exeunt omnes* under conscription for young playwrights, players and producers, and under bombs, indiscriminately, for all and everything, including obsolete haylofts and portions of disused skating-rinks. But, in retrospect, we gather at least this much: that, as "non-commercial" need not mean financially unsuccessful, so successful need not mean silly, as Mr. Marshall knows. *Le succès ne prouve rien, pas même contre.* Few dramatists have made better money, in an age when money was real and "hard," than William Shakespeare, who was commercial in the sense that he followed the changing fashions of his period and belonged to several combines; while, in this century, one of our "giants" (as Mr. Norman Marshall describes him), the Methuselah of the stage, Bernard Shaw has lived through nearly half a century in increasingly prosperous refusal to be other than himself. "Success proves nothing."

Mr. Marshall came down from Oxford in 1926, stage-struck but already embittered against a university censorship that had forbidden *Hindle Wakes* and against the authorities of his own college, who regarded *Androcles and the Lion* as blasphemous. In 1922, at the beginning of his third year, he saw and delighted in J. P. Fagan's productions at the Oxford Playhouse: a venture that began in "a dismal gimcrack building which had once been a big game museum." Already Mr. Marshall had developed a remarkable *sense of the audience.* That does not mean that he conformed to any ascertained taste, but that he divined where unsatisfied tastes latently existed and knew how to bring them into life. Nothing could be better than his description of the undergraduate audience, with its ardours and inhibitions, in the second chapter of this book.

Later, in London, at the Gate Theatre and elsewhere, Mr. Marshall created his own audience, producing, as he told Mr. Peter Godfrey, what he damn well liked, finding that others often liked it as well as he. His book is, in essence, a history of this effort in his own and other theatres: a history of a struggle waged unceasingly throughout the twenty years between the two wars against "the timidity of the theatrical manager and the tyranny of the Censor."

Did the Censor, then, worry Mr. Marshall much? I seem to remember that he was successfully dodged in the Other Theatre. I have known only one Reader of Plays at all intimately. He was a faded and fascinating figure of the expired Nineties, G. S. Street. "In my absurd job," he told me, "I am prepared to allow almost anything: only I do wish people would keep off religion and royalty." And Mr. Marshall will be familiar with the argument that the abolition of censorship would subject theatres, commercial or other, to police raids: in these dangerous days, possibly on political as well as on moral grounds. On the other hand, the announcement that a play has been banned gives it an unfair advertisement and helps to assemble an audience that Mr. Marshall cannot want—the pornographic playgoers who titter embarrassingly over the worst examples of Restoration wit in its efforts to ruin Molière by vulgar adaptation.

However that may be, I do not think that Mr. Marshall should worry too much about censorship, timid West End managers, or even that grandiose National Theatre which would be under the veiled control of Cabinet Ministers nearly always crassly stupid in their judgment of the arts. Mr. Marshall should worry about two things: how to prevent his brilliant *ballons d'essai* from bursting financially, how to stabilise them; and secondly how to secure—far from the West End atmosphere—a solid isolated and *comfortable* playhouse. Eleonora Duse once told Arthur Symons that the theatre was dying of "boxes and stalls and evening dress." She meant the West End theatre. Might we not retort that the Other Theatre is always in danger of dying of discomfort?

Mr. Marshall must not suppose that a hard unupholstered nudity of furnishings is essential for the production of "advanced" plays. I fear that he, who foresees so many objections and answers so many complaints, is slightly the victim of this delusion; for he suggests that austerity conditions are a "challenge" to the producer. No doubt. But the producer has enough to do without being banged on the head, before beginning, with a bludgeon that requires him to fit, say, the *Oedipus* of Sophocles into a third-floor back or *Coriolanus* into a pre-fab caravan. It is sometimes as hard to look and listen as to act, as I have found when, as a dramatic critic, I used to be invited by "other" managers to sit with my shoes on the toes of the players, or to be perched, tightly packed, on the top of a switchback slanting precipitously on to a black hollow called a stage.

Consider in contrast with these conditions the comfort, the luxury offered by even the humbler suburban cinemas. It is a "challenge," indeed a competition, which Mr. Marshall cannot afford to ignore.

RICHARD JENNINGS

INSIDE OUT

Inside U.S.A. By JOHN GUNTHER *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

Here at last is a book which will thoroughly confuse people about America, thus giving them an honest picture of a nation as confusing as it is confused. John Gunther was ignorant enough when writing about Europe and Asia to impose some sort of order on the facts at his disposal, but as a native son his information about the United States has outrun all bounds, even those of a 900-page volume. *Inside U.S.A.* is about each of the 48 States but it doesn't add up to the United States, so the author is planning yet another volume on the Federal Government.

Mr. Gunther's method of assembling his famous "Insides" does not vary from continent to continent. He treats all races, creeds and colours to the same quick-fire, single-operator Gallup poll, complete with such questions as "If you had five minutes at the bar of heaven to describe your state, what would you say?" The result he describes as a "political guidebook."

One criticism of this most readable book, which has that equal and unflagging interest in the trivial and the vital which characterises *Time* magazine, is that it never does get inside the U.S.A. The facts are all, or almost all, there, but the conclusions about the spirit of the country are limited and weak. The chapter on "The Mind of the Middle West" has not half the insight of Graham Hutton's *Midwest at Noon* though (or because) Hutton is English and Gunther is a Chicagoan.

About page 900 Gunther really gets down to enumerating his conclusions. This "political guidebook" produces on the political level an interesting paradox of which the author is only dimly aware. On the one hand he asserts that "the long-run mood of this country is progressive" and goes on "let no one think that Americans will ever again permit other Americans to starve without a struggle . . . the next New Deal will make the last New Deal look mild." Yet at the same time it is "the propertied class . . . which is the biggest single factor making for national unity," and Gunther more than once asks himself "why . . . are even the American under-possessed . . . inclined to be conservative?" I think the author has the solution to this paradox in his hands, though he does not recognise it, when he comments on the immense power of the press, which makes Americans believe that their country and their constitution are the last word in revolution. They come to think that by sticking to the old forms and the old parties, progress and reform will be produced automatically.

But if *Inside U.S.A.* is a trifle short on deep thinking it is wondrously long on acute observation. You can find enough in this book to prove almost any of the pet theories that people hold about America. A citizen of the British Empire can find enough facts about Negroes in the South to stop Americans preaching at him about imperialism. The Eastern European citizen, sensitive about the honesty of his elections, can point to the 60,000 "ghost" voters, with names culled from the local cemeteries, whom Prendergast produced in St. Louis to elect Truman to the Senate. Then the unexpected statement, backed by some impressive facts, that North Dakota is "almost as Socialised as Sweden," makes some of the facile criticism wilt. This confusing mixture of good and evil extends to personalities. Senator Langer, who voted against lend-lease and even against the United Nations, would be easier to ticket as a blank reactionary if he had not strongly backed Henry Wallace for Secretary of Commerce when most Republican Senators were denouncing him as a Red.

Though there is no discussion of American foreign policy in this book, the intelligent reader will note the significance of the dual problem: a surplus of manufactured goods combined with a grave fear that natural sources, such as oil, will soon be exhausted. In fact this fascinating travelogue contains the materials for a profound study of a nation, in its own phrase, "lousy with greatness." It is odd that no American seems able to make such a study.

JOHN MORTON

AN ARRANGEMENT OF DIFFERENCES

Women and Men. By AMRAM SCHEINFELD. *Chatto and Windus.* 15*s.*

"Is there a natural basis at all for a sex division of traits?" asks Mr. Amram Scheinfeld, an American geneticist. To prove that there is he has assembled in this large and homely book an array of all the physical differences that exist between men and women, and of the temperamental and other differences that he believes are the result.

Facts are fascinating, and the lay reader will find himself enlivened by many odd ones as he courses through what seems at first to be a textbook of elementary physiology. Thus, he learns that as many as 150 males are conceived to 100 females, though by birth the excess is much smaller (about 105 to 100). Boy infants, though larger and with more muscular strength than girls, are behind in biological development, and are more likely to die from childhood diseases—from all, that is, except whooping cough. Two-year-old children, according to one quaint investigation, which might have been more profitably applied to their parents, are more likely (if girls) to say "I'm a boy" than (if boys)

to say "I'm a girl." Boys are better at throwing balls, at seeing "what is wrong" with a test picture, are more likely to stutter or have defective vision (including colour and night blindness), are more aggressive and unruly, and build high structures where girls, we are assured, build flat. Girls have a better colour sense, a larger vocabulary, and (as Mr. Harry Hemsley pleasingly demonstrates) more intelligibility in speech; they also suffer more from shyness, nervousness, anxiety and jealousy. They are more likely than boys to bite their nails, and to put out their tongues at persons who displease them—their sole recorded rebellious gesture. And, more mysteriously,

> sex differences also appear in understanding of abstract words, boys being superior in defining such words as "connection," "compare," "conquer," "obedience" and "revenge"; girls in defining "pity," "curiosity," "grief" and "surprising."

As adults, women have more resistance to nearly every form of illness (cancer is one of the exceptions), can adapt themselves better to temperature changes, are able (as art school models) to stand still longer than men, have a greater expectation of life, and are less ready to commit suicide. "Not that men are any less brave than women," Mr. Scheinfeld comments naively, "The fact is that a crisis hits a man harder, for he is under greater strain to maintain his honour and position, to save face, and to extricate himself from difficulty than is a woman." Moreover, he adds, when a man contemplates suicide "he usually has access to easier and more efficient means of accomplishing it." The author does not believe, however, that the legendary Amazons ever existed, and he dismisses the popular idea that primitive women are able to bear children painlessly in the course of the day's occupations. Modesty (dress is a poor criterion, Mr. Scheinfeld notes), vanity, treachery, lying and deception, gossiping, superstition and religion take different forms in men and women though they appear in both. Chivalry in men he considers less a virtue than a biological necessity, for, without it, "it is quite certain that no mammal family . . . would have survived. Very simply, the males would have killed and eaten their females." It is also interesting to find that in all forms of crime men greatly outnumber women; and that there are twenty-five times as many males as females in prisons and reformatories in the United States. Certainly, more leniency is shown to women offenders; as Mr. Scheinfeld observes:

> In our own culture and times . . . the woman can now slay her husband or almost any man, with every chance of getting away with it, unless she has made the mistake of committing the act in a completely unfeminine way, or of being very unattractive, or of having a male accomplice who must be tried equally with her.

But it is not sufficient to account for the disparity. Clothes differences are misleading, for, while it is women who are "brave, creative, adventurous, original" in dress and men who are slaves to irrational conventions, this is obviously true only of to-day. In the time of George Washington, the author notes, men wore paint and perfume, spent hours at the tailors and wigmakers and fortunes on their clothes. (And, still earlier, did not Samuel Pepys in one month lay out £12 for his wife's clothes and £55 for his own, including "a velvet cloak and a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, and two new perriwiggs"?)

With his formidable collection of facts and statistics, Mr. Scheinfeld well and truly establishes his point that there is a biological difference between men and women. In his chapters on achievement and genius (after which every reader should turn to Virginia Woolf's *Room of One's Own*) he is on less easy ground. As he points out, results of women's new opportunities are not yet fully available. In *haute couture* the honours are even: until recently Mlle Schiaparelli stood where Christian Dior stands to-day, as the revolutionary prophet of dress design. In the highest branches of cookery, however, women are still excluded from the rigorous professional training which produces the great chefs. (One may recall at this point the interesting analysis of women's unscientific attitude to cooking made by Bartle Massey, the schoolmaster in *Adam Bede*). In medicine, law, science and philosophy there is still much sex-discrimination. True, while there are mathematicians and scientists there is no sign of a woman philosopher. In the creative arts women have been able to excel in the past only where they could use their gifts without outside training or equipment—in the writing of fiction, for instance. Is it that women, as in one view quoted by Mr. Scheinfeld, have been a "lost sex" through history, their talents being suppressed or ignored? Or is it, as he also suggests, that men have made the extra drive to fulfil their creative instincts to compensate for the small part that they take in human creation? The number and ability of women engaged in all forms of creative art to-day make the first theory at least more than probable. But the author's dangerous conclusion that women's work will always be different in *quality* reminds us that such discriminations were made as late as a century or two ago against the English labourer, and in our own time against the Negro in America.

It is as well to remember that Mr. Scheinfeld's book, with its heavily playful style and its comic-strip diagrams (a "bad" gene is shown scowling and brandishing a pistol) is written for and about Americans. This would account for such statements as that men have a horror of wearing the unmanly colour red: (Beefeaters, one thinks of, the Grenadier Guards, Mrs. Bennet's liking for a redcoat, mayoral robes, hunting pink); that women spend hours of every week in clothes shops and beauty parlours ("If she has a job she gulps down her lunch so she will have a few extra hours for shopping"); that, from the time he is a boy, a man is "constantly forced to run a gauntlet of tests to prove, to a much greater extent than the female, that he is brave, strong, capable, and successful"; that "his weaknesses are more glaringly exposed, his serious transgressions more drastically punished" than a woman's. Such a distinction does not exist in most social groups in England, where as much—or as little—is expected of women as of men. These are national differences; do they not suggest that we cannot disregard the "conditioning" theory?

Yet the detached but wary reader needs no guide in drawing conclusions from the book's incontrovertible facts. There is, for instance, the future relationship of men and women. Since each generation starts off with an excess of males, improved medical knowledge and the lessening of the hazards of dangerous occupations may presently make polygamy far less of a possibility than polyandry. Women's longer life-span does not affect this situation. (And weapons of future wars are not likely to discriminate between men and women). As for the author's suggestion that the educational and cultural activities of men and women should be on different lines to avoid competition, that has been the practice for enough centuries to prove its fallaciousness. His dreary picture of American women rushing into an early marriage and facing long years of boredom will surely not be improved by a specifically "female" education. In any case the cultural-vocational dispute is one that goes outside the sex question. No, the reader arriving at the last chapters will be left more confused than enlightened by Mr. Scheinfeld's

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KEGAN PAUL

findings. But one who might conceivably profit from the book is the novelist, for is not its theme the basis of most imaginative writing? If the characterisation is sometimes weak and wholly without charm, the background has validity, and the book, which is full of situations, might well serve as a blue-print for the future output of any writer of popular fiction whose ideas need renewing. NAOMI LEWIS

A CREATIVE EPOCH

King Henry III and the Lord Edward: the Community of the Realm in the Thirteenth Century. By F. M. POWICKE. 2 Vols. *Clarendon Press.* 42*s.*

These fine volumes are assured of a warm welcome, particularly from those who have worked in some corner of the huge field. Confronted by so much detail and so much hard thinking, the layman, for his part, may inquire what, in broadest terms, all this labour signifies; but he will be quite as interested to know how the historian approaches his subject and finds his way in and out of material so rich and so complex. A book like this reveals the mind of its author in a way that the monograph cannot.

The years between the death of King John and the full maturity of Edward I are one of the creative periods in our history: most of all in the sphere of government, where the growing authority of the king and his administration makes itself felt through every rank of society. *King Henry III and the Lord Edward* is a study of the interaction of government and society. For Sir Maurice, "social history" or "political history" by themselves are not fruitful enough. The two are interdependent. The country grows to nationhood, the realm becomes a self-conscious community by this interaction, by the practical dialectic between the king and all the elements in the medieval state; it is the king, wise or foolish, provident or short-sighted, that makes them articulate and binds them together in a *communitas regni*. Policy is shaped, principles are discovered in the rough and tumble of daily relationships, through personal as much as through official contacts. Schemes, to be successful, must have a firm basis of workability. The Great Charter, in its original form and reissues, was such a scheme, based upon the realities of the feudal situation and the churchman's sense of equity. The Provisions of Oxford, for all their valuable legal detail, were not, since they ran wholly counter to the king's determination to choose his servants from men on whom he could rely, and government by a baronial council was no substitute for government by the efficient professional administrator. And here the author's own predilections appear. He does not like doctrinaire consistency. He likes the men who, with a principle at heart, can take as well as give, realising that public life is much of a compromise which by nerve and character can in the long run be made to go in the right direction. This is perhaps the basis of his admiration for Edward I, and, in part, of his severe judgment on Simon de Montfort. His sympathies are with the native Englishman of high vitality, the virile man who can lose his temper and quickly forgive, the man who means business and can work with his fellows: not with the lonely man. *Victrix causa deis placuit;* but here and there, at the thought of the resulting tragedy and waste (as over the fate of Earl Simon's family), the poet joins hands with the historian in some of the most moving historical prose of our time.

The book puts Henry III's reign into new perspective by its particular concentration upon the minority and the early years of personal rule. It gives a close and coherent account of the legatine missions, and underlines the importance of the Great Charter as an instrument of conciliation, a guarantee to men, nervous after the Civil War, that their status would be respected. The resettlement of the country, after the rebellion against John, was an anxious business. As always after civil strife, "the defeated party must be reabsorbed, the machinery of government and the finances re-established, the claims and vested interests which war engenders be adjusted or eradicated in so far as they impede the restoration of law and order. The stability of the new order depends upon the way these problems are faced." The contribution of the papal legates Guala and Pandulph and the wise care of William Marshal steered the country through the early dangers; but the task of resuming the castles from the trusty captains employed by King John opened many grievances, especially against the Justiciar, Hubert de Burgh. Resistance would have been more serious had it not been for the attitude of Honorius III and the wise statesmanship of Stephen Langton. Here the book shows Langton at the full height of his opportunity and influence, holding the balance between potentially discordant elements, and, with the Justiciar, keeping in check the powerful bishop of Winchester, Peter des Roches, whose day was to come when in 1231 he returned to find the young king, now in his majority, champing and restive under the control of Hubert.

What happened then Sir Maurice tells us in full detail for the first time. Some of his best pages describe the fiscal position of the kingdom and the changes which Henry, in the interests of efficiency and prompted by the able Poitevin clerk, Peter des Rivaux, put into effect: the dismissal of Hubert de Burgh, the concentration of practically supreme financial authority in the hands of a household official, the bringing into play of a new professional bureaucracy. The reaction was the crisis of 1233–4 which "was probably more important than the better known and more prolonged assertion of baronial opinion, under the leadership of Simon de Montfort and the Earl of Gloucester, a quarter of a century later." The resistance of Earl Richard Marshal and the bishops who supported him was the gesture of men who appealed to the Great Charter and the law rather than to an original programme of their own, and from it Henry learned much. It showed that the baronial claim to be "natural counsellors" could not be denied; but at the same time the royal administrators continued their close scrutiny and review of every aspect of private franchise and jurisdiction, and no temporary setback could prevent the king from pursuing his inquiries into his rights. It was those inquiries that called into being much of the county administrative machinery that was to have fruitful outcome: "self-government at the king's command," as an American scholar has put it.

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HARRAP

It is through Gascony, held by Edward consequently upon Henry's inability to trust his own brother-in law, Simon de Montfort, to govern it, that we reach the dynastic settlement with France, in the Treaty of Paris; it is through the projected Crusade and Henry's determination to be on good terms with Innocent IV that the reader is led to a discussion of Papal relations with England (with a most enlightening account of the provisors problem) and to the consideration of Henry's most unfortunate acceptance of the Sicilian Crown. It was the Sicilian obligation and the consequent threat of bankruptcy that led to the Provisions of Oxford. The sections devoted to the baronial plan of reform point out its essential weakness: it could not be worked against a king who denied its fundamental premises, and support from it fell away under the quarrels between the more conservative type of reformer and the uncompromising consistency of the leader of the "younger" barons, Simon de Montfort, of whom Sir Maurice is unsparingly critical for his arrogant and often self-centred legalism. Wholly opposite in temper and in the flexibility of his mind stands the Lord Edward who can dissimulate with the barons in order ultimately to rescue his father from his new engagements, and yet learn and profit from all that was sound and hopeful in the baronial programme. The historical adulation of Simon, perhaps a product of the St. Albans-Whig tradition, will not recover from these pages: but the simpler among us, though we no longer think of Simon as a progenitor of parliament, may forget the earl's pushing of his wife's rights or his encouragement of lawless elements in 1263 or his icy sulking at critical moments, and remember that he believed that an oath was an oath, and that the interest in which it was sworn was, in his eyes, the interest of the community of the realm.

The most impressive part of the book deals with the painful and gradual pacification of the country after Evesham, and with the vital and constructive prince as he rose to the greatness of his opportunity. The country grows with the king, as he seeks to define, clarify, and with his feudality, play a winning hand in the game of territory and rights. To illustrate his diplomacy, Wales is the example taken, and the chapter on the "Conflict of Laws" which takes the history through the Treaty of Conway to the great Statute of Rhuddlan is an argument for both parties and a refutation of the view that Edward I was seeking to destroy Welsh law and impose an alien code. The epilogue on Edward I, appreciated, apart from his more striking gifts, for his conventionality, is both a eulogy and a justification. No summary notice like this can indicate the author's wealth of scholarship or power of suggesting the contemporary atmosphere. Both are unique in English historical writing to-day.

E. F. JACOB

THE GENTLE COMPOSER

Felix Mendelssohn. Letters. Ed. G. SELDEN-GOTH. *Paul Elek.* 16*s.*

The quality of Niceness is not usually associated with the more tremendous kinds of creative artist. Wagner was not nice, neither was Balzac or Goya. That most desirable characteristic abides in the fully developed, well-balanced personality; at earlier stages (whatever the age in years), Niceness, if present at all, is unstable and apt to wither up under the slightest adversity. Great creative artists are never emotionally well balanced, or they would be too closely involved with life to be able to watch it steadily as it goes by. The extent to which we are made aware of the discrepancy differs widely—from, say, Baudelaire at one end of the scale, to Verdi or Renoir at the other.

The odd case of Mendelssohn is so clear as to be often quoted. His earliest letters show, perhaps, a good deal more cleverness than is at all usual; but the charm, the affection, the enthusiastic acceptance of the world—these are the expected attributes of boyhood. Fortunately for his family and friends, and for the good of other men's music, Mendelssohn retained these qualities: he grew up a very, very nice man. Unfortunately for posterity, he also dwindled, with depressing rapidity, from a young composer of genius into a gifted *Kapellmeister*. As a Jew and a German he combined the more attractive qualities of both races, but (as Mr. Selden-Goth points out) Mendelssohn was not interested in Jewry *as such*: he thought of himself purely as a representative—indeed as an ambassador—of the Germany he loved—the industrious, cosy, bourgeois, intellectual, poetry-loving Germany of the pre-Bismarck era.

All this and more can be gathered from Mendelssohn's letters, for he wrote a great many. It was part of his naturally affectionate and spontaneous character to enjoy writing to his family and friends, and the letters of his early life are exemplary in their unerring choice of what would be most likely to interest his correspondents, in the easy conversational style, the smiling turn of phrase, the enthusiasm for experience. After his marriage the letters become more formal and perfunctory: clearly he no longer felt the need of intimacy with anyone save his wife. So the editor of the present anthology was wise in his choice, which concentrates on presenting a picture of the evolving mind of the young man, and includes far more of the early letters than of those belonging to the last years of the composer's life, when his health was already beginning to fail.

Mendelssohn was better educated than the majority of composers of any date, and his intelligence was far wider in scope—circumstances which help to make his letters such delightful reading today. They may also have contributed to disperse his genius which, in the case of musicians, is apt to involve a ruthlessly one-track life. Mendelssohn—like Sir Hubert Parry—became an accomplished man of the world; he got on well with almost everybody—including Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, of whom he left an inimitable description (printed on pp. 306–9 of this book); and he exercised a paramount influence on the musical life of at least two countries. The result of all this varied activity was the atomisation of his energies: he worked too hard, composed too much and with too superb an ease, conducted too many concerts, wore himself out in the service of others—and died at the age of thirty-eight. As a musician his influence had been wholly beneficent. Although deficient in sympathy for certain trends in the music of his day, he was acutely sensitive to the music of past centuries, much of which he rescued from oblivion; and his appreciation of the quality of contemporary executants (Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg) was admirably shrewd. The lapses of taste in his own music are far less distressing than those committed by his imitators, after his death.

Though all too short, the story told by these letters is not in the least sad, because it describes a very happy and (in most ways) successful life. It is, I think, a pity that Mr. Selden-Goth did not add a rather fuller biographical commentary to the text: some of Mendelssohn's correspondents, and of the people he mentions, will not necessarily be known to readers; and the phases of his life, with its constant shiftings from one place to another, might have been made clearer without unduly lengthening the book. The translation reads on the whole very well, but surely it would have been better to avoid modernisms such as "check up on" and "highbrow," which are

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Having earned a justly high and international reputation by his artfully disagreeable novels, Moravia fell into disgrace with the Fascist authorities. Now he is free to publish again; and one hopes that this book, a long *nouvelle* rather than a novel, is only the first of a number of works to signalise his return to activity. *Agostino* is exquisitely contrived, the story of a boy's first shock of disillusionment. His adored mother transfers her attentions from him to a young man; he takes to the company of some rough boys and boatmen, who erode the innocence of the young bourgeois, eventually taking him to a brothel, the keeper of which refuses him entrance; he is only thirteen. (If the story were translated into English terms, the boy would be at least two years older.)

Every detail is beautifully planned in this tale, which takes its place among the subtlest and most shapely of our time. The translation is exemplary, and reads like an exceptionally well-written original.

Week-end Competitions

No. 917

Set by Tom Paine

It is reported that an M.P. who has recently suffered a Buchmanite change wished to review his past for the benefit of a foreign audience. He began: "Quand je regarde mon derrière, je vois qu'il est divise en deux parties . . ." The usual prizes are offered for examples of similar (and equally printable) felicities. Entries by September 30.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 914

Set by V. S. Pritchett.

Some years ago Mr. E. M. Forster rewrote the famous epigram of Landor:

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Reason I loved, and, next to Reason, Doubt;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
And put it out.

The usual prizes are offered for a new edition of any pithy verse (up to eight lines) by one of the masters.

Report by V. S. Pritchett.

It annoys me, as it annoyed many competitors, that Mr. E. M. Forster's epigram was atrociously misprinted. His variation was subtle and, in a few words, maliciously portrayed a character that was the opposite of Landor's. Such astuteness and delicacy were lacking in the large entry for this competition and there was far too much topicality and facetiousness for my taste; but there it is! I award a guinea and a half apiece to Ishbel Beatty, T. F. Brenchley and Robert Gaffikin; and fifteen shillings each to Douglas Hawson and Willy Tadpole.

When lovely woman scans her mirror
And finds, alas, some hairs of grey,
What art can charm away her terror
Can drive these signs of age away?

The only art her shame can cover,
Can hide her age from every eye,
Can bring, perhaps, another lover,
And quiet her bosom,—is—to dye.

ISHBEL G. BEATTY

He first deceased; she for a little tarried
To live without him, liked it not, remarried.

T. F. BRENCHLEY

O, what a tangled web we weave
When *first* we practise to deceive!
But when experience we gain
We quite convincingly explain.

ROBERT GAFFIKIN

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim
My housekeeper is not my wife,
We share the house in shame.

WILLY TADPOLE

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray—
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her rage away?

The only art her slip to cover,
To raise her stock in every view,
To get revenge upon her lover
And wring his withers, is—to sue.

DOUGLAS HAWSON

He either fears his mate too much,
Or his desserts are small,
Who dares not spurn the blackened crust,
But tastes, and eats it all.

F. H. THORPE

A. E. Housman
The Russian Bear is huge and wild,
He has devoured each Balkan child,
The Balkan children aren't aware
They have been eaten by the bear.

A. F. J.

The Vanity of Human Wishes.
(From edition containing the author's emendation of the last line.)

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Boswell's, not mine, the fame, Sir, in the end.

G. H. LEGGOTT

What though our tired wives, vainly queueing,
Seem scarce a painful pound to gain,
Far off, their steaks and cutlets chewing,
Silent, they're tucking-in, in Maine.

And not to eastern widows only
When daylight comes, comes some new cut;
In Europe belts are tightened slowly,
But westward, look, the films go phut!

LITTLE BILLEE

(Kipling: "For All We Have and Are.")

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.

The Hungry Forties call
One life for each to give.
What stands if Freedom fall?
The Spiv!

GUY INNES

'Oxton over Oxford.
For a' that and a' that
What's aspirates and a' that?
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
It's *we're* the gowd for a' that!

Gie fools their educated speech
We'll rule the roost for a ' that
The rank is but the Tory ramp
It's *we're* the gents for a' th t!

WILLIAM BLISS

Keats.

Then felt I like some hatcher of emprise
When a new Planner swims into his show,
Or stout Cadogan when, with downcast eyes,
He gazed upon his blotter, and all U.N.O.
Looked at each other, but without surprise
Silent, upon a speech by Gromyko.

L. E. J.

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B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Documentary Writer and Script Supervisor, Television, at Alexandra Palace. Candidates should have a thorough exp. of either film documentary work or radio feature writing. Duties will include the writing of television documentaries and dramatised programmes, and reading and adapting submitted scripts. Sal. on scale rising by increments of £50 to max. £1,100 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Documentary" within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose stamped add. envelope.

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C.C.C. Applics. invited for post of Principal of Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts, Peckham Rd, S.E.5. Instruction is given in day and evening classes for training craftsmen and industrial artists. There is also a (Secondary) junior art school for boys and girls, and a typography dept. In addition to qualifics. as a practising artist and craftsman, the Principal must possess organising and administrative ability and maintain close touch with the industries concerned. So far as is consistent with school duties, he will be expected to continue the practice of his art. Sal. £1,050—£50—£1,250. Further details and applic. form obtainable by sending a s.a. foolscap e. to Education Officer (T.1), County Hall, S.E.1. Form and copies of 3 recent testimonials to be returned to Education Officer by Oct. 11, 1947. (2568.)

UNITED Nations Association is about to appoint a Schools Secretary and two Field Secretaries to its Council for Education in World Citizenship which is responsible for work in the Schools among youth organisations. The Schools Secretary would be resident in London and would be responsible for administrative work in connection with schools and for expansion of the Council's activities in this field. The Field Secretaries would in the first instance be responsible for the work in (a) Yorkshire and (b) Herts, Bucks, Oxon and Berks—although the preference of candidates for other areas would be considered Salary £350 p.a. Pref. to men and women with University qualifics. Form and partics. from: Secretary, United Nations Assoc., 11 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2, on receipt of stamped add. foolscap envelope.

ROYAL Society for the Prevention of Accidents. Assistant, full-time, man or woman, expd. in office management, wanted in the Safety-Education Dept. Ability to write for children an asset. A good general knowledge of modern educational methods reqd. Salary £400/£500. Apply to Secy., R.S.P.A., Terminal Hse., 52 Grosvenor Gdns. S.W.1.

L.C.C. Reqd., a temporary senior library assistant at Leavesden Green Emergency Training College, Leavesden, Watford, Herts. Previous exp. of library work essential and a recognised library qualification desirable. Salary £435 p.a. Applic. forms obtainable from Education Officer (Estab/2), The County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addressed envelope nec.), to be returned by Oct. 11, 1947. (2892.)

BERKSHIRE Education Ctte. The Executive Committee of the Maidenhead District Social Club invite applics. for appointment of Warden. Salary Scale £300 rising annually by £15 to £525, initial salary being fixed according to exp. Under certain circumstances, post will be superannuable. Forms of application will not be issued, but applicants should send, full partics. of their age, qualifics. and exp. together with a covering letter in their own handwriting to Hon. Secretary, J. H. Jordan, M.A., Maidenhead District Social Club, St. Ives Hotel, Maidenhead. Applics. to be received by Oct. 4.

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SOCIAL Work. A male warden is needed at "The Hungerford" Shelter. Hard work amongst hard cases. £4 15s. Apply Room 27 Kingsway Hall, W.C.2.

Appointments Vacant—continued

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INTERNATIONAL Education Organisation of many years standing reqs. first-class expd. Appeals Organiser. Box 9182.

PROGRESSIVE Co-ed. school for children up to 18 years (40 miles from Edinburgh) reqs. first-class teacher of Eurythmics able to teach piano, and assist with girls' games, or crafts. Apply with references: Box 9175.

BARNS Hostel School, Ancrum, Roxburghshire. Teacher for General Subjects with some Arts and Crafts, in this Residential Special School for 40 difficult boys. Standard Scale plus full board. Apply Head Master.

CHILTERN Nursery Training College, 20 Peppard Rd. Caversham, Reading. Qualified teacher wanted to open nursery school, capable train students. Resid./non-residential.

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CLUB Leaders and Assistants reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training nec. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-res. for local admin. posts. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous exp. in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £100 res. for assistants up to £220 res. for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Great Russell St. W.C.1.

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Personal

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